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december 1995

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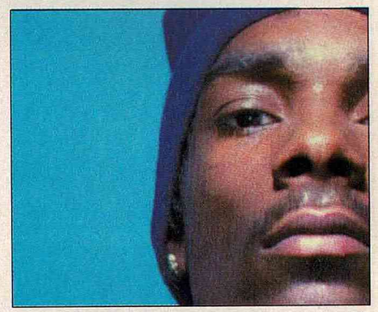
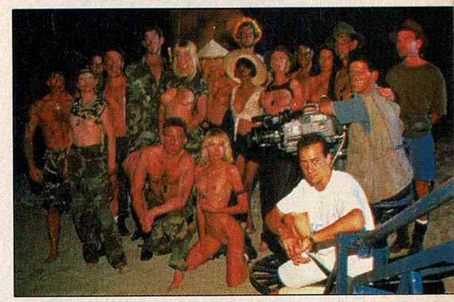


snoop doggy dogg **p.24**



apocalypse climax **p.62**

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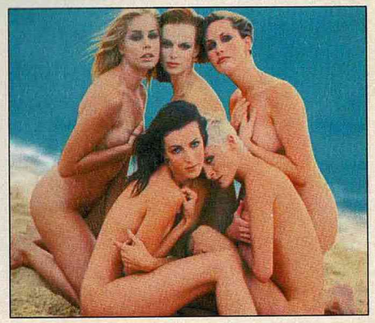
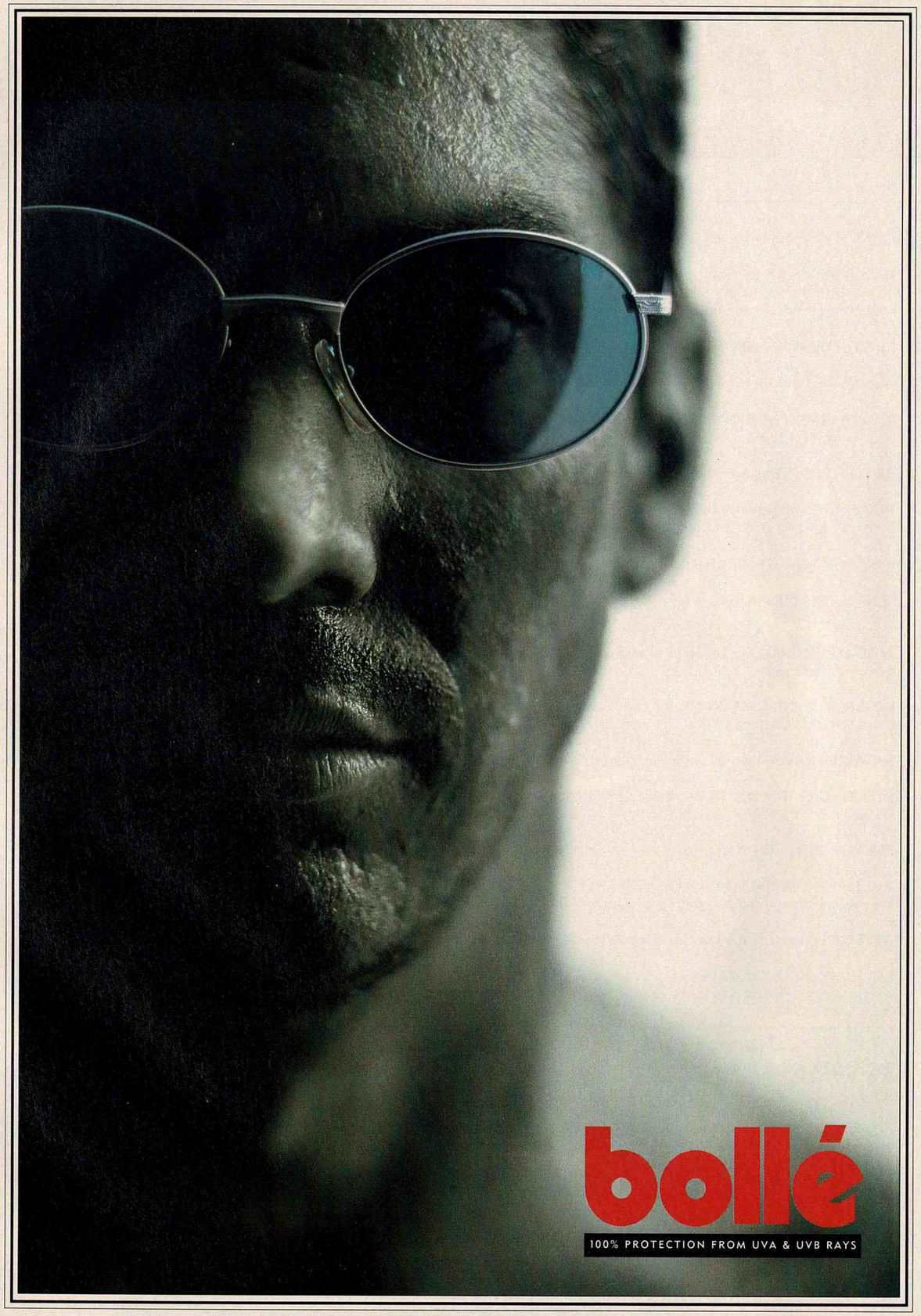
COVER STORY

Ace lensman Adam Watson, fresh from his triumphant shoot with Dannii Minogue, offers this heartstopping shot of five of Australia's top models as a precursor to another great pictorial beginning on p.30.





BADJAR BOL100/BB

Brad Beven – Triathlon Champion wears Metals 5508.

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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LETTERS

DANNII MADNESS

I think that your October issue is the best yet, due to the beautiful **Dannii Minogue**. I really love all the 14 clean, tasteful pictures. I have been a close fan ever since *Young Talent Time*. I'm 21 and I have more or less grown up with Dannii on my mind. Dannii, you're great.

M.F.
Jimboomba, Qld

P.S. Could you please forward my letter to Dannii?

Thank you, thank you for Dannii Minogue. What a stunner; she's so pert and *petite*!

J.W.
Glen Innes, NSW

Having just read and seen the article and photos of Dannii Minogue I was impressed very much.

C.S.
Sheidow Park, SA

I'd like to applaud you on three points in the October 1995 issue:

1. The Dannii Minogue pictorial was absolutely sensational; Dannii is one woman who is absolutely gorgeous.

2. The Little Women pictorial was also incredible. Obviously good things come in small packages.

3. Being a **Garth Brooks**/country music fan, I found the 20 Questions also very good.

Again you've outdone yourselves at the *Playboy* offices.

E.M.
Mornington, Vic

Wow, the mailbag overflowed for Dannii this month. Thanks for all your letters (of which we've printed a small, abbreviated selection) and yes, M.F., we will forward your letter – and all the others! – Ed.

THE COLLECTED ALTUNA

While I enjoy reading the Australian version of *Playboy* magazine, I especially like the semi-erotic short story depicted in a series of pictures, similar to a comic style format, that usually appears three-quarters of the way through the magazine.

Is it possible that you publish an edition or series that contains only these picture stories? If so, would this option be available and how would I go about purchasing it from New Zealand?

S.C.
Dunedin, NZ

From that description you just have to be talking about the excellent Altuna, whose erotic cartoon strips have been appearing in Australian Playboy for some years. We have in fact produced two collections in the past which would have been available in New Zealand originally, but which would probably be quite difficult to find in newsagencies now. However you can obtain copies from our subscriptions department (PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010) for $20 each, including postage and handling – Ed.

A TRUE CONNOISSEUR

I have been reading your magazine for nearly a year now, and there is one Playmate I adore and that is **Elisa Bridges** (Mar '95). Is there any chance she will come back? I also read somewhere she said she has just finished shooting a *Playboy* video. What is this video called and where can I buy it? I also want to compliment you on a great September issue. The **Pamela Anderson** poster is something I've wanted for a long time. Can you make a giant poster of Elisa Bridges?

There are also a few celebrities I would like to see on your pages: **Jo Beth Taylor**, **Sofie Formica**, **Kylie Minogue**, **Kate Ceberano**, **Kimberley Joseph** and the female Gladiators.

In your June issue the Playmate of the Month **Stacy Sanches** had a blonde sister. We get to see this woman's breast, but can we see more of that woman, whoever she is? She is exotic and would make a wonderful Playmate. I have found her name (**Kim Sanches**). Has she ever done a pictorial? If not, can you talk her into it?

A.B.
Forest Hill, Vic

You're a man of taste and discernment, sir, and you have our felicitations! Any queries you have about Playboy videos can be answered by Network Entertainment, 1-800-810742, whose advert appears from time to time in Australian Playboy. We've taken all your suggestions on board – in the meantime here's another look at Elisa. – Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say.

SEX ADVISER

BONDAGE FOR BEGINNERS

My girlfriend and I have been invited to a bondage party. The woman who invited us says she has attended two of these parties, but she won't give any details, saying it would ruin the experience for us. The closest we've come to bondage or S&M is tying each other to the bedposts and a few playful slaps on the arse, so we're a bit wary. Should we accept? And how should we behave?

– T.G., NSW

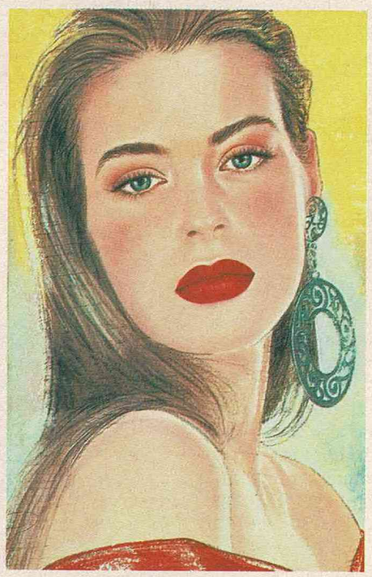
Why not? Because you're not likely to know anyone other than your friend, we suggest you watch rather than participate your first time. As for etiquette, follow the guidelines posted by Rob Jellinghaus on the Internet discussion group *alt.sex.bondage*. No one minds if you watch, as long as you're polite. For example, yelling "Ooh-wee! That must hurt!" while watching a woman tease her lover with hot candle wax is not considered polite. Jellinghaus explains: "There will be people doing very sexual things right in front of you. They are doing them for their pleasure, not for yours. Stay away from the action unless you're invited to participate." More important, don't come off as what bondage fans call an "energy vampire" – someone who watches the action as if it were a porn movie. Part of the fun is making contact with other partygoers, whether through eye contact, body language or by telling them afterward how much you enjoyed watching.

AND YOU'RE COMPLAINING?

When my boyfriend and I started having sex, he had no problem bringing me to orgasm when he was on top. Then, as a change of pace, I rode him once and found that my orgasms were a lot more intense and satisfying. The problem is, now my boyfriend hasn't been able to bring me to orgasm except when I'm on top. We've tried everything – extended foreplay, oral stimulation, other positions. He says it's frustrating for me and making sex less enjoyable. Any suggestions?

– D.G., NSW

Lighten up. We heard a comedian talk about self-appointed experts in bed. His girlfriend would give directions: "Do this, do that." Finally, she rolled over and confessed that she had never had an orgasm. He said, "Then what the fuck are you doing giving directions? I've been having orgasms for years." You have a problem, but it's not the one you think you have. First, an orgasm is not something your boyfriend makes happen – it's something you allow yourself to have in his presence. You've found a sure-fire method (on top) and everything else pales in comparison, to the point that you have created a self-fulfilling (or defeating) prophecy. By insisting that every form of stimulation produce an orgasm, you put an undue burden on each approach. In bed, what you believe will happen will happen. If you think that being on top is the only way that works, it will be the only way that works. But that's a problem half the couples in the world would kill for. Play. Frolic. When you want your orgasm, roll over on top. Then give your boyfriend his favourite form of orgasm. Then start again.



THREESOME SHMEESOME

A friend once asked my wife and me if we would consider a threesome. To my surprise, my wife said yes. Initially, I felt jealous when my friend caressed my wife, but as soon as she began to moan and reach for his erection, I got turned on. He did everything imaginable to give her pleasure, even things I had never seen. I felt vulnerable and kind of forgotten. Eventually, my wife jerked me off while my friend had sex with her. The sheets ended up soaked. I'm a fireman, and as we were getting dressed I had to go on a call. When I returned, my wife and my friend were still at it, or rather, were at it again. She told me later that he was still turned on, it was causing him pain and she was just helping him out. I'm pretty confused. Do you think it's safe to leave these two alone again?

– P.J., SA

No. It sounds as though you were watching a twosome rather than taking part in a threesome. It wasn't your fantasy to begin with, and your friend was controlling the action (your wife merely gave you a conciliatory handshake). The question is, where does this lead? Ask your wife if this threesome was a dangerous liaison. If both of you decide it was a one time deal, use what you've learned to make your sex life more exciting. If your friend did things to your wife that you had never seen, what's stopping you from learning? If, on the other hand, your wife invites your friend into your bed again or has sex with him without your consent or participation, that isn't what we would consider a sign of a solid marriage.

TASTE TEST

Sometimes after my girlfriend gives me a blow job, she says my semen tastes bitter. Other times she says it tastes like nothing. Does it have to do with what I eat?

– V.R., Vic

We have yet to see any scientific research on this topic, but we're having a damned good time gathering anecdotal evidence atop the counters of the *Playboy* test kitchen. Female readers write us regularly to claim they can tell from the taste of ejaculate what their lover had for dinner, whether he'd been drinking, even if he'd been with another woman. We suspect most women discern a difference in taste because of what *they've* eaten, or because of something they smell (the two senses are intricately linked). If your girlfriend had a glass of wine before your tryst, whatever follows will taste bitter; mouthwash or toothpaste have the same effect. Why not choose a more palatable flavour as an appetiser to fellatio? Years ago a reader told us about a technique she called the Amaretto Popsicle. Her boyfriend would dip his fingers in a glass of Amaretto, and she would alternate between sucking his fingers and sucking his cock.

YOU LIKE JOG-A-JOG?

My new girlfriend and I met while jogging near my office. After running together at lunch for a few weeks, she pulled me off the trail one day for a quickie. The following weekend, she invited me to her apartment. After dinner I tried to kiss her, but she suggested that we go for a run. I was puzzled but agreed. When we returned, she peeled off her sweats, and the sex was fast and furious. The next morning I went down on her. At first, she didn't seem interested. Then she began doing sit-ups. It was only after she had done 25 or so that she started to lubricate. By the time she reached 50, she'd had an orgasm. What's going on here?

– H.R., WA

Was her last affair with her trainer? Your

APB23121 · A

THEY DRINK TOM COBB
AT THE KANDANGA HOTEL

TOM COBB - THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN SPIRIT.

SEX ADVISER

girlfriend's sexercise seems harmless, if predictable. Sure, you get great sex when you allow her to warm up, but that's hardly the sort of spontaneous or varied hanky panky that keeps things interesting if weeks become months and so on. For now, enjoy and share her energy. Do push-ups while licking her as she does sit-ups. Stand over her for an intermittent blow job as she does sit-ups. Do aerobics in the nude. Chase her. If exercise remains a prerequisite for sex, ask her what's up. If you're not happy with her answer, it may be time to look for someone who views lovemaking as exercise in its own right.

EAT CARPET

My girlfriend gets turned on by something I think is a bit strange, though highly erotic. Here is her favourite way to have sex: we lay a soft blanket down on a carpeted floor. She lies flat on it, face down. I lie down on her back and penetrate her vagina from the rear. As I pound her pelvis and pubic bone into the floor, the shock waves vibrate through her pubic bone and stimulate her clitoris etc. Naturally, she and I both scream with delight. She can come over and over until exhausted. I've asked her just what is going on inside her when we do this. She said that she was not sure but that she used to masturbate when she was younger by lying on the floor in this same position and rubbing and gently hitting her pubic bone on the carpet. Have you ever heard of such a thing?

– R.A., NSW

Did you use to live in the unit above ours? Yes, we have heard of something like this before. Read the next letter. One of the most important things you can learn about a lover is how she pleases herself.

PILLOW TALK

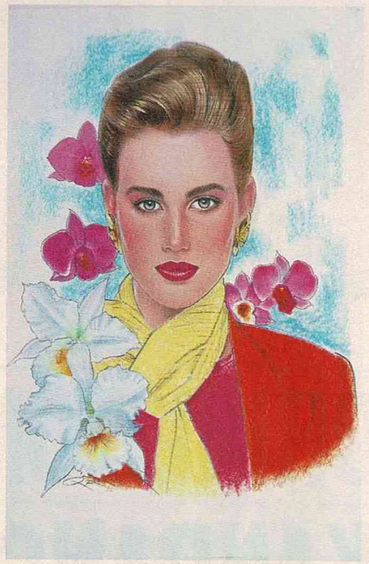
I finally took some advice you had given in past columns and asked my girlfriend to show me how she masturbated. She introduced me to her old friend – a pillow that she squeezed between her legs. She would rock against it, stimulating herself until she reached orgasm. I was aroused and asked for a repeat. She rolled over and I entered her doggy style. She kept the pillow beneath her and rubbed her clitoris against the satin cover while I thrust from behind. The effect was explosive. I just wondered if you had ever heard of a ménage à trois with a pillow?

– B.G., Qld

Group sex with laundry? Yes, we've heard of this. You can also utilise armchairs and sofas for a third leg. If you are adventurous, you can rub a motorcycle seat the right way – or a vaulting horse or a weight bench.

TONGUE TWISTER

Often I find myself looking at what I'd consider a distractingly attractive woman and thinking about what it would be like to indulge in my sexual fantasy with her. We would both be naked, lying on a couch or a bed, and I would position myself over her and begin gently kissing her shoulder. Then I'd kiss up the side of her neck to the point just below her ear lobe, moving down her jaw to her chin, then to her lower lip. I'd stroke my tongue, which has been described by some women as massive, down her throat to the point between her clavicles. I'd kiss down her chest, past the area between her breasts, then back up across her breast to the nipple, around which I'd slowly lick with the tip of



my tongue. Then I'd lick back to the area between her breasts and nibble my way down her torso to her navel, continuing to where her pubic hair begins. At that point, I would gently spread open her cunt and softly blow across her clit as I moved my mouth down toward it, gently taking it between my teeth and slowly rubbing the tip of my tongue up and down it. When I released it, I would extend my tongue to its fullest width, pressing it against her clit and sliding it slowly from side to side. After doing that for 10 to 15 minutes, I would resume holding her clit between my teeth, closing my lips around it and sliding my lips and teeth up and off. I'd move to the area just below her pubic hair, licking her from side to side. When she told me to stop, I'd move back up her torso to her navel, her breasts and shoulders and then start the whole thing over again, if she'd let me. Some people might consider it kind of strange, but I would not want her to do anything to me afterward in return, other than simply lying beside me and cuddling. I've had a couple of experiences in which the women gave me head, but it didn't excite me that much. Is it strange for a guy to be turned off by something most guys are usually turned on by, and turned on by something most guys sometimes think twice about?

– F.D., Tas

There is nothing wrong with your attitude. Our assistant thought your letter was one good reason to move to Tasmania. What we don't understand is why you took the time to write to us. The only thing that got licked was the stamp. Take your act on the road.

BALLING THE JACK

Have you ever heard of a woman making love to a man's testicles? During oral sex, my girlfriend sometimes fellates my balls, taking them completely into her mouth. It feels great. Now she wants to try to fit them into her vagina. Is this safe?

– G.B., WA

It's called balling the jack. A woman lies on her back and wraps her legs high around her lover's back. She guides the testicles between her vaginal lips – the phrase "two peas in a pod" comes to mind. The shaft of the penis then rests against the clitoris. Once in position, she sets the pace. The guidelines here are gentleness and no sudden moves. This is not the time to put on the Jane Fonda work-out.

BUT IT SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT

This is an anatomical question. Imagine you are standing behind a beautiful young woman. She is unclothed or perhaps in a G string. With her legs together, she bends slightly forward at the waist, keeping her legs straight. Now, starting at her ankles, your eyes follow the curve created by the inside of her legs. From the knees, the curve is most seductive. It touches at the knees, then gracefully tapers apart, only to whisper back together at the inner thighs. From there, the curve blossoms into an arched diamond, through which a shadow of the labia can be seen. It is, without doubt, the most erotic feature of beautiful women. Is there any special name for this curve or for the budding diamond it produces?

– S.F., Vic

Yes: nirvana.

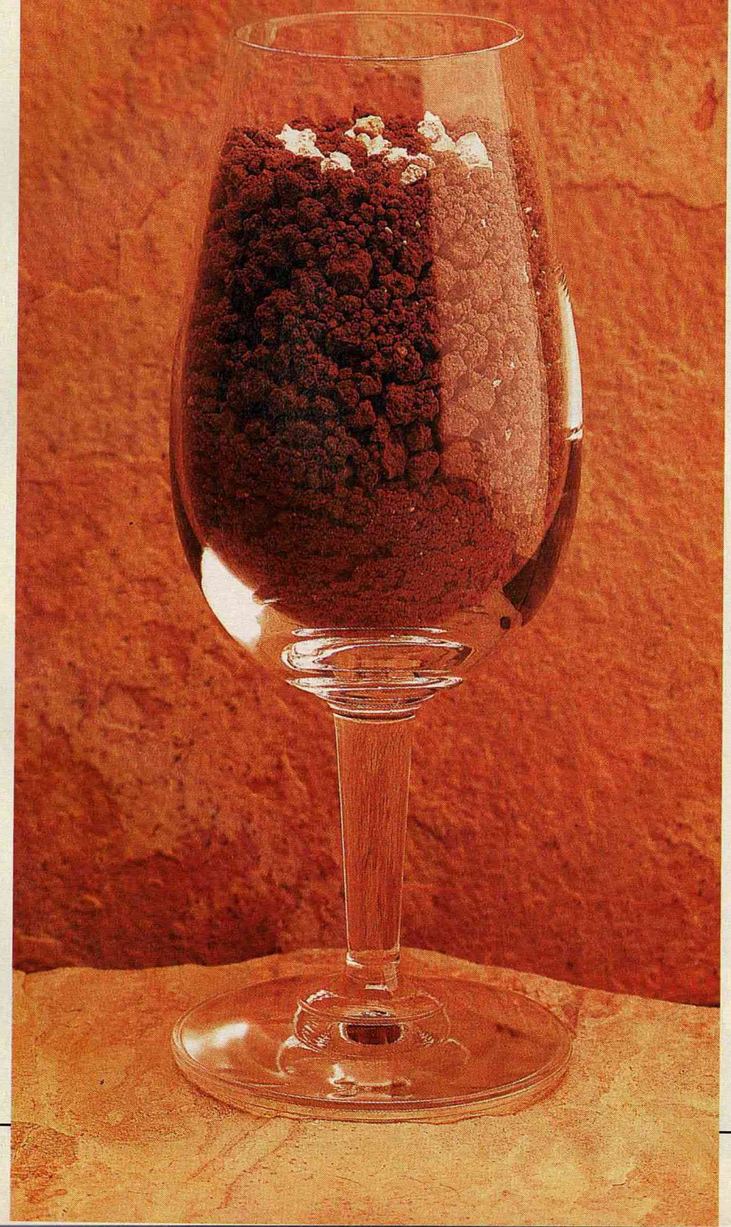
Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Sex Adviser c/- Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We welcome enquiries but are unable to reply to each reader individually.

Travels in packs.

doggone refreshing

APB 23672-A JWT ILM 111/P

In our experience a classic red is even better with a dash of lime.



What on earth are we talking about? Lime?!

Well, yes. But no, not the little green chaps you squeeze into your vodka and tonic.

The lime we're talking about is the calcium oxide kind which occurs naturally in limestone.

And the earth we're talking about is the rich red 'terra rossa' earth of the Coonawarra; long established as the home of Australia's finest Cabernet Sauvignon wines.

A reputation which Yalumba's "The Menzies" has not soiled.

The 1990 was so well received, in fact, that it sold out within months of its release last year.

So you'll be pleased to learn that far from losing the plot, we recently bought another one down the road.

And the first task we set ourselves was matching the lime content of this new soil with that of our original.

It will be some time, of course, before we see the fruits of our labour.

In the meantime however, we're delighted to announce that, by all accounts, the 1991 Menzies is even better than the 1990.

And while it's drinking very well right now, like its predecessor, it can only improve with cellaring.

That's *cellaring*, by the way - not the green stuff you stick in your Bloody Mary.

The Menzies from Yalumba.
Australia's oldest family owned winery.

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WOMEN

STALLED ON THE INFO HIGHWAY

Cynthia Heimel asks, is CD-ROM the Beta of the '90s?

With people all over the world – even shepherds in the rainy hills of Ireland – obsessed with computers, you probably have many questions. Why do shepherds need computers? Is it worth plunking down another two grand so I can have a multimedia system with CD-ROM and all? What is CD-ROM, anyway? And what about going on line?

As a computer expert, I am here to answer these questions. But you forgot the most important question of all:

Do I really need a home computer?

Unless you're a scientist or a writer, you don't need a home computer. A scientist needs a home computer in case she wakes up in the middle of the night and realises the universe is about to implode, whereupon she will have to run downstairs and compute a lot of equations to find out she was only having a nightmare. A writer needs a computer so he can change his thoughts in mid-sentence with ease. Say a writer writes something like: "That Asa Baber is a big jerk, why is he so damned sanctimonious?"

And then, just as the writer is completing this sentence, his wife appears in front of him with the kids and a bunch of moving men and says, "Honey, I'm leaving you to find myself and become a feminist, and I'm taking the kids and the car and socking you with tremendous child support payments and you won't even have visitation rights, you big stupid trusting sap, ha ha ha!"

In the old days, your writer would have to rip the page out of the typewriter, insert a new page, rip that page out of the typewriter because it would inexplicably become accordion-pleated, and insert yet another page before he could finally write: "That Asa Baber is a god. He should be at least canonised."

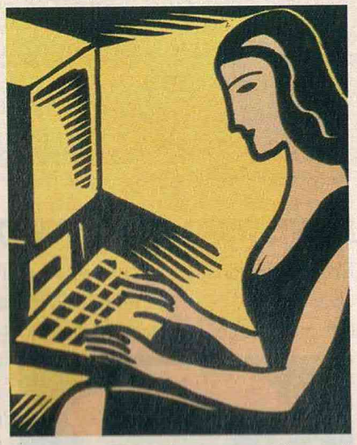
With a computer the writer can effect these changes in the blink of an eye, keeping his train of thought and saving many trees.

So no, you probably don't need a computer, but get one anyway, so you can bandy about phrases like RAM and gigabyte and, most important of all, play games.

Is this where CD-ROMs come in?

Hold your horses. You can play lots of games on your computer without newfangled technology. I, for example, have Tetris, solitaire and bridge on the little low tech laptop I am using to write this.

Tetris is the most popular computer game in the world, created by a Russian guy. It involves falling blocks, which you have to manipulate as they fall so they make nice even rows, which then disappear. Sounds stupid, right? Try playing it. Before you know it, your eyes will be glazed, big rivulets



of drool will be down your chin, and the entire baseball season will go by without your noticing. I personally have quit writing this column to play Tetris 42 times, thus turning what would normally be a five hour job into a three week marathon.

In fact, and not many people know this, Tetris is singlehandedly responsible for our worldwide economic slump. Workers everywhere are glued to their screens, pretending to send pork bellies to Thailand or tracking sales of Toyotas. But they're really just trying to line up blocks in perfect rows. Another Russian plot.

Eventually, however, even the charms of Tetris will fail, and then . . .

Now is it time for CD-ROM stuff?

Yes, it is. Get ready to have hours and hours of fun trying to get your CD-ROMs to work. You think just because you spent a few hundred dollars on a drive and 50 bucks on each CD-ROM it's gonna be easy?

Put your spanking new CD-ROM in your pristine drive and your computer will immediately start yelling at you about disk caches. Then it will have problems with its memory and demand dozens more megs of RAM. Then the whole thing will crash and you will spend hours on hold to the CD-ROM company, waiting for technical support.

Then, when you finally get it to work, it's extremely tedious. Who really wants an encyclopaedia? Or to look at art or read a book on a computer screen? Can it really enrich anyone's life to see a street atlas of Bayonne?

I personally bought the CD-ROM of *A Hard Day's Night*, my favourite movie, and another all about Bob Dylan, my guru. Both of them immediately put me to sleep.

Then there are the games. Thousands and thousands of titles beckon to you from the software shop. Do not be fooled. There are really only three CD-ROM games: Mist, Tetris and Star Wars simulators. All others are mere permutations of the above.

Tetris you already know. The Star Wars simulators have many different names, like *Iron Masters Of Doom And Destruction*, but basically you are Luke Skywalker and you have to shoot all the bad guys or die. Mist is something new, and the only CD-ROM worth having. It's extremely complicated, very beautiful and great for dates. If you and your beloved can negotiate though the horrendous Channelwood age without punching each other in the eye, you will fall into the nearest bed and have tremendous sex. I speak from personal experience. But beware – all real computer geeks are calling CD-ROMs "the Beta of the '90s".

Okay, then, what about going on line?

Definitely do this. You can find geeks all over the world interested in the same things you are. Sixteenth century Chinese pottery. Malamutes. Miatas. And you can send e-mail to all your friends in Tanzania, find trillions of teenagers trying to mate, gay cops trying to score. You can even find me: Cynthroid@aol.com.

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PYRAMID POWER

Matt Johnson explains the facts – and the myths – behind the concept of pyramid training.

There are two theories when it comes to using pyramid sets for weight training. Theory one is that pyramid sets provide the ultimate combination of sets and repetitions to produce the maximum possible gains in strength and size. The second is that the only reason more people don't train with pyramid sets is because they hurt too bloody much and not many are willing to work that hard.

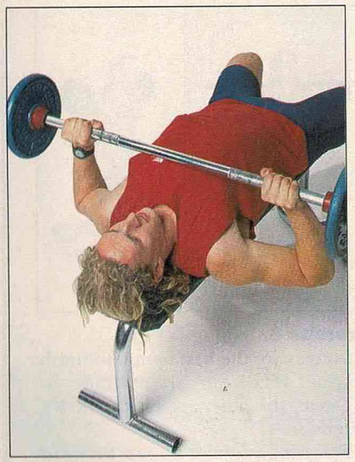
If you're in the latter category, you can turn the page now because if you thought the old way of doing pyramid sets was painful, you will ache at the idea of trying the latest twist on an old idea.

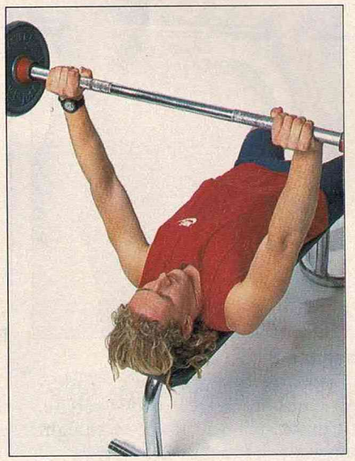
Pyramid sets are simple to understand. Starting with a relatively light weight you perform a set of, say, 20 repetitions. After a short rest you add a little more weight to the bar and do a set of 15 reps. Rest, add more weight, do 10 reps. And so on and so forth until you're pushing a heavy weight for three or four reps.

They're time-consuming (all that changing of weights) and hard work, but for those willing to suffer, pyramid sets have always produced better-than-average results. Why? Well, although exercise physiologists know a lot about muscle cells, they are not certain what it is that stimulates a muscle to grow. They know lifting weights repeatedly will make you stronger and larger, but they're not certain if it's the weight or repetitions that act as the stimulus. A heavy weight lifted for just a few reps seems to promote growth, but so too do light weights and high reps. Pyramid sets, it's thought, provide the best combination of both.

Now, a group of trainers are proposing a new sadistic twist on the old pyramid concept. It raises the suffering to a whole new level, but at the same time it promises sensational results and, perhaps best of all, this new training concept is based around just a handful of exercises that only need to be repeated twice a week.

A word of warning, however. This is not a program for those just getting started – you should have been training regularly (three times a week) for at least 12 weeks before you even attempt this.

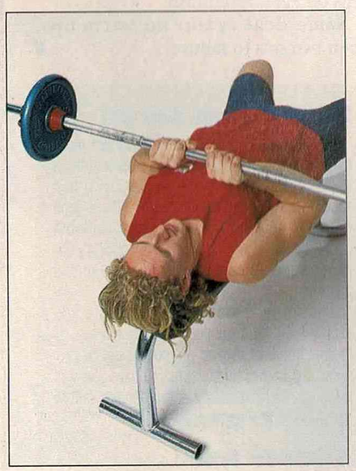


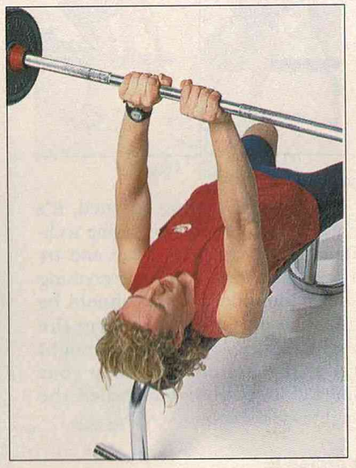


Exercise 1

Intensity is the key to this new program, which combines modified pyramid and super-sets (exercising one body part twice in succession). Starting with bench-press you should do two warm-up sets of between 15 and 20 repetitions with a weight that is about 70 per cent of what you normally use.

Now comes the tough bit. Using a weight that will give you 10 to 12 reps, you have to do a set to failure. That's right, until you can't do any more. (Note: If you're working out alone you'll need a rack to catch the bar or, alternatively, use dumbbells – they won't pin you to the bench.)



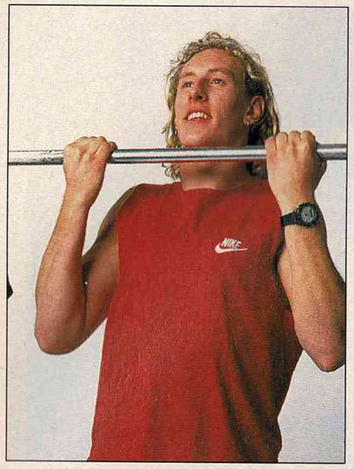


Exercise 2

After your three sets of bench-press (two warm-up and one failure), it's time to keep your chest working. We've pictured a close-grip bench-press but you could substitute an incline or decline bench-press, bench-flies or even push-ups as your second exercise.

This time there are no warm-up sets, just two sets to failure. (Again, choose a weight that will give you at least 10 reps before you fail.) Feeling good?

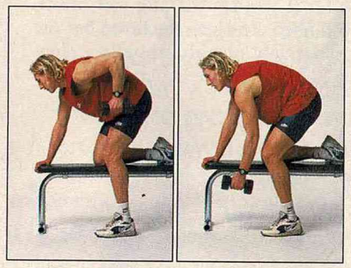
FITNESS



Exercise 3

Time to work your back. Undergrip chins are a great back exercise. Just make sure you lower to straight arms at the bottom of each rep.

The pattern is the same, two warm-up sets, then one set to failure. You can add weight to your chins by hooking disc weights onto a waist belt or over your feet. Seated rowing can be substituted if you have the machinery.



Exercise 4

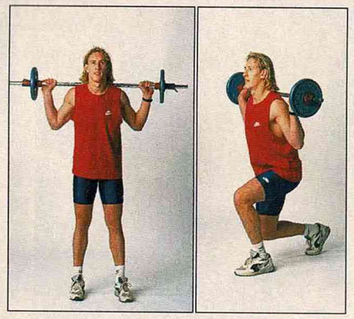
When you're feeling fatigued, it's easy to let your bent-over rowing technique fall apart, so be aware and try to keep your form correct: everything – head, shoulders, legs – should be still, with only the arm lifting the weight moving. Lower to a straight arm at the bottom and keep your elbow close to your body when the weight is at the top.

Exercise 5

If you're working out at home you'll probably find front squats easier to manage, but if you have a gym and a partner, you might want to try conventional squats with the weight behind your neck.

Either way, keep your heels on the ground, your back as upright as possible, your head up, and don't flex deeper than 90 degrees at the knee.

The routine is the same again: two warm-up sets of 20 reps, then one set to failure.



Exercise 6

Lunges are the best option to finish off your legs if you are at home. In the gym, try either leg presses or leg extension.

For lunges, take a step forward (slightly longer than a normal walking step) and contact the ground heel first. Don't collapse onto your front leg – lower smoothly and controlledly until your thigh is parallel with the ground. To return to the starting position, push up rather than back and keep your weight concentrated on your heel. Again, it should be a smooth, controlled action. Alternate legs on each repetition.

Same deal again: no warm-ups, then two sets to failure.

Modified Pyramid Work-out

Because of its intensity, the modified pyramid work-out only needs to be completed twice a week (once every three or four days) and shouldn't be used for long periods. It's a good choice of program if you know that work-out opportunities are going to be limited for a couple of weeks or as a break from your normal program.

Because you are working to failure you should have been training regularly before you attempt the program and you should not be carrying any injuries. Make sure you have a way of safely racking the weight after your last failure repetition – don't get trapped.

The Modified Pyramid

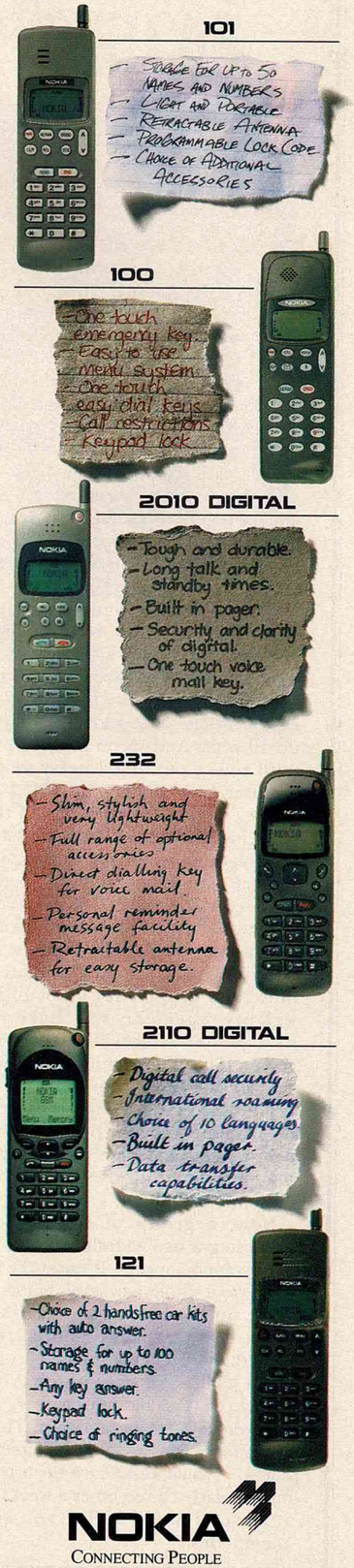
EXERCISE 1

Two warm-up sets – 20 reps with 70 per cent usual weight

One set to failure – with a weight that allows 10-12 reps

EXERCISE 2

Two sets to failure – with a weight that allows 10-12 reps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- Programmable Lock Code
- Choice of Additional Accessories
100
- One touch emergency key
- Easy to use menu system
- One touch easy dial keys
- Call restrictions
- Keypad lock
2010 DIGITAL
- Tough and durable.
- Long talk and standby times.
- Built in pager.
- Security and clarity of digital.
- One touch voice mail key.
232
- Slim, stylish and very lightweight
- Full range of optional accessories
- Direct dialling key for voice mail.
- Personal reminder message facility
- Retractable antenna for easy storage.
2110 DIGITAL
- Digital call security
- International roaming
- Choice of 10 languages
- Built in pager.
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121
- Choice of 2 handsfree car kits with auto answer.
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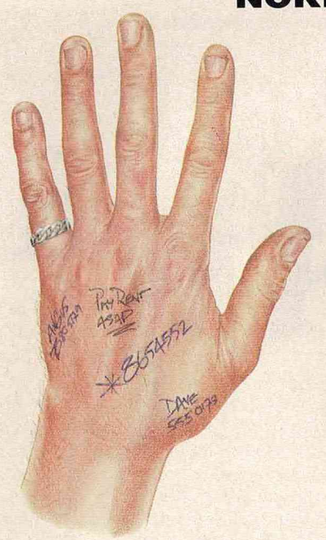

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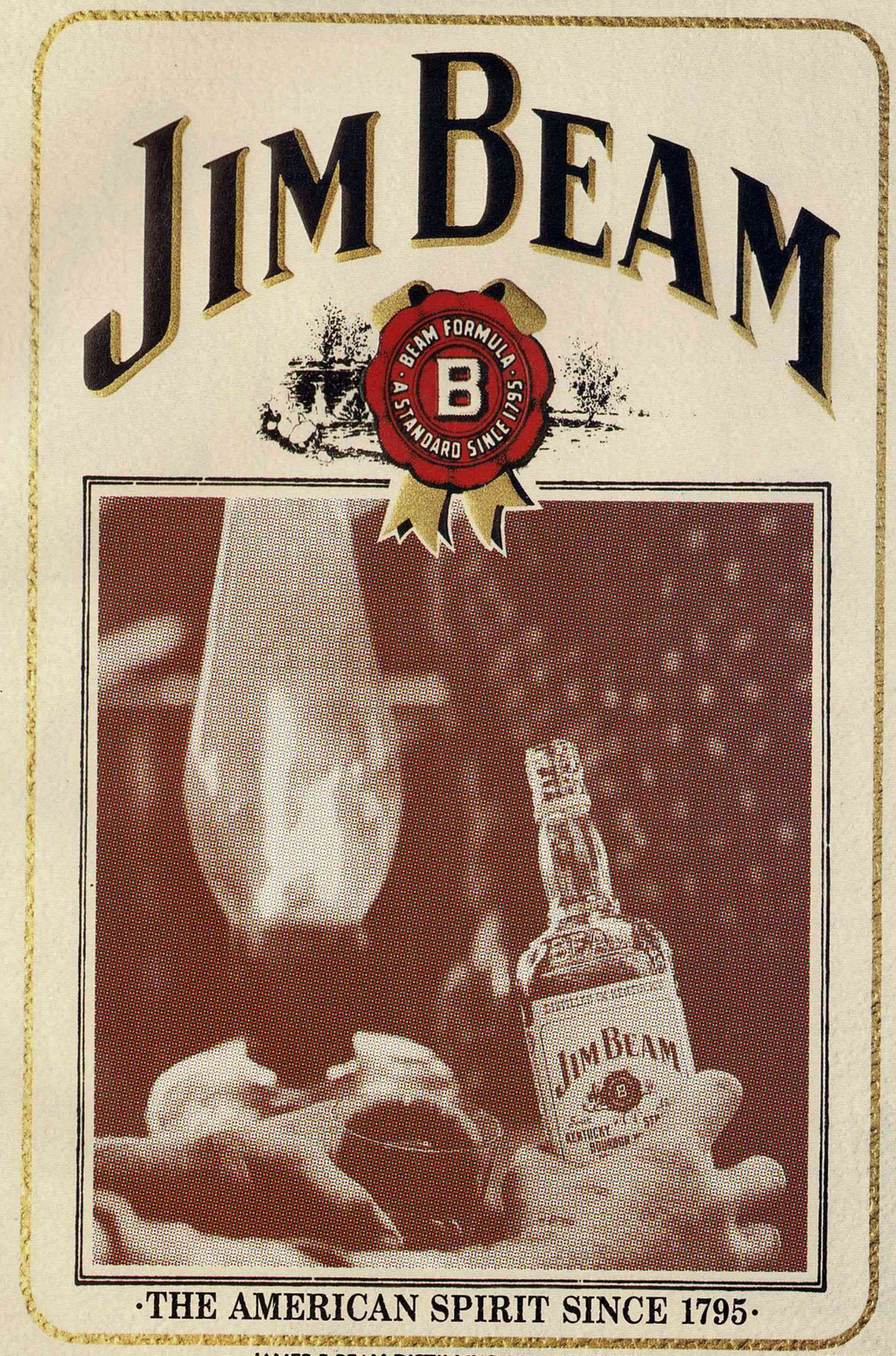


MOVIES

EXOTICA

Directed by Atom Egoyan

On the strength of his past four films (*Speaking Parts*, *Calendar*, *The Adjuster* and this one) Atom Egoyan gets my vote as the most original director working in the cinema today. His movies are like jigsaw puzzles which he slowly pieces together for you, since only he's seen the final picture and you haven't got a clue what it is or where it's going – or even if you had all the pieces to begin with. Francis (**Bruce Greenwood**) is a guy who regularly visits a lap dancers club, Exotica, where he always chooses the schoolgirl for his fantasy. Is he a pederast – after all, he pays a schoolgirl to babysit his empty flat? Thomas (**Don McKeller**) is a bird's egg smuggler, whose pet shop Francis is auditing. Christina (**Mia Kirshner**) is the "schoolgirl" lap dancer who seems far more interested in sex than Francis does; Eric (**Elias Koteas**) is the club DJ with eyes only for Christina. Everybody is somehow connected by Francis's missing daughter, but how, and where the hell is she? As their relationships become clearer, sparks begin to fly. It is exotic, sexy and fascinating, as your mind works overtime to interpret everybody's roles in different timeframes. This time I felt there were a couple of pieces still missing, but the effect is mesmerising. ¥¥¥¥

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Directed by Brian Singer

More fireworks from the US independent scene. *Suspects* can be fairly and very favourably compared with *Pulp Fiction* for its zippy dialogue, convoluted flashbacks, expert manipulation of the gangster thriller genre – and for the way it messes with your mind. It opens with Dean Keaton (**Gabriel Byrne**) sprawled, shot and resigned, on the deck of a ship, as a mysterious figure prepares to shoot him dead and blow the ship up. Then it flashes back six weeks to an unorthodox police line-up, based on a tip-off, leading to the five participants' deciding to do a heist together. The narrative then shifts forward to one of them, "Verbal" Kint (**Kevin Spacey**), a cripple, being interrogated by tough customs agent **Chazz Palminteri**, and gradually revealing how events led to the explosion. Hovering over the action is the unseen hand of fate in the form of a master criminal Keyser Sose, who seems to have set all five up for his own inexplicable purposes. You're carried on by the complicated mechanics of the plot until the incredible ending which makes you question the authenticity of everything you've witnessed. Perhaps in the end it's too clever for its own good, but, boy, what a wild ride! ¥¥¥¥¥

CLOCKERS

Directed by Spike Lee

At last, Spike Lee delivers the masterpiece we'd begun to think would never happen. Maybe it's because he's finally given up trying to be a one man band, but whatever, his collaboration with **Richard Price** on script and **Martin Scorsese** on production has resulted in his most disciplined work to date. Strike (**Mekhi Phifer**) is the leader of a group of clockers, the lowest form of drug peddlar, hanging out on the benches in the projects all round the clock. His boss Rodney (**Delroy Lindo**) leans on him to kill a store clerk – why is never clear, except it seals Rodney's hold over him. Worried, Strike consults his hard-working, married elder brother Victor (**Isaiah Washington**) who, to his amazement, says he knows someone who'll do it. When the clerk is duly murdered, Victor confesses. Detective Rocco Klein (**Harvey Keitel**) refuses to believe it's an open and shut case, convinced Victor is covering for Strike because he can plead self-defence and be believed. But why would he?

Lee manages to cover so many bases: the poverty, the pressure of life in the projects, the drug business which flourishes for lack of any real work, the desperate attempts to rise above it, the contradictions of those who run it, the uncaring, almost necessarily cold blooded attitudes of white police. For this very reason it's not as effective as the marvellously pared-down *Fresh*, but why nitpick with a genuinely major statement on a difficult subject. ¥¥¥¥¥

Compiled by Graham Barry

WHAT'S HOT IN TOWN

Dangerous Minds Michelle Pfeiffer is great as ex-marine(!) teaching young blacks in today's blackboard jungle. ¥¥¥¥

Pocahontas Disney gets ideologically sound at last with a real Native American saving a white settler, silly girl. ¥¥¥

Clueless Alicia Silverstone the perfect mid-'90s rich-kid heroine – so funny you want everyone to stop laughing in case you miss something. ¥¥¥¥

Free Willy 2 A boy and his pet (animal companion) whale – the one he set free in *Free Willy*. ¥¥

Waterworld Kevin Costner adrift on an ocean of troubles – but it's still a pretty good action spectacle Demidenko-ing *Mad Max*. ¥¥¥

Apollo 13 So we know they made it – but Ron Howard has you on the edge of your seat to the Moon and back. ¥¥¥¥

Nine Months Julianne Moore is divine as an unwilling Hugh Grant's pregnant girlfriend, and Tom Arnold's funny, but the film's a mish-mash ¥¥

The Net Tense cyber-thriller with Sandra Bullock as computer-nerd erased by pirates when she uncovers a conspiracy. ¥¥¥¥

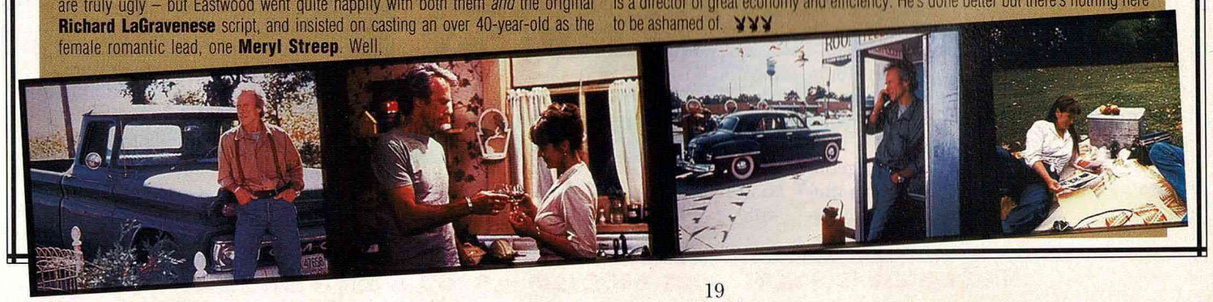
Seven Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman outstanding as buddie cops after a seven deadly sins serial killer. ¥¥¥

Assassins Sly Stallone and Antonio Banderas are competing hitmen in a well acted suspense thriller. ¥¥¥

THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY

Directed by Clint Eastwood

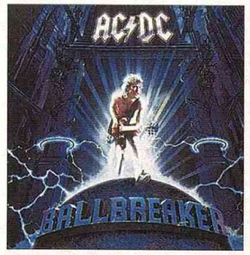
Clint, cast as the photographer hero in the film version of the notoriously Mills And Boonish novel by **Robert James Waller**, took over directing when **Bruce Beresford** quit because (i) he couldn't get the script of the mushy best seller right, and (ii) he didn't like the bridges. He was certainly right on the second – the covered bridges photographer Robert Kincaid is supposedly shooting for *National Geographic* are truly ugly – but Eastwood went quite happily with both them *and* the original **Richard LaGravenese** script, and insisted on casting an over 40-year-old as the female romantic lead, one **Meryl Streep**. Well, fine, Streep, despite her and Clint's misgivings, brings her faultless flair for accents to the role of the lonely, frustrated Italian wife Francesca who risks all for a four day fling when her family is away, and the romance is nicely built up – who am I to find her and Clint unconvincing in a clinch? I actually need to see Clint cry, I need to see Meryl naked, the rest of it is so painstaking it's a cop-out to just tease at these crucial points, and causes the action to sag. Still, crummy novels often make good cinema, and Clint is a director of great economy and efficiency. He's done better but there's nothing here to be ashamed of. ¥¥¥



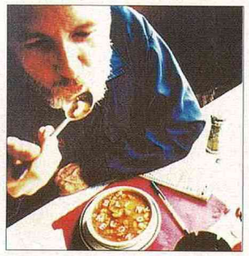
MUSIC

Red Hot Chili Peppers *One Hot Minute* (Warner)
It does seem like a fair while since the last Chili Peppers album – 1991's *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* blockbuster – and it took a listen to those early releases to make me realise what I'd initially found a little disconcerting about this offering. Generally, as a band changes direction or just simply develops, you get a few opportunities – an album each year or so – to see the change occurring. Since this was the first album in almost five years, the change in the Chili Peppers was at first too disconcerting to allow any sort of appreciation of what the new sound was actually like. *One Hot Minute* showcases more than the punk/funk which we're used to, although **Flea**'s trademark slap bass is still as brilliant as ever. Perhaps it's the input of former *Jane's Addiction* guitarist **Dave Navarro** that sets up so much of the new material, with tracks like *Walkabout* and *Aeroplane* revealing a jazz influence. Overall, it's pleasing to say the Chili Peppers are finally back and moving forward into interesting new territory. ¥¥¥¥

Various Artists *The Rebirth Of Cool Phive – Subterranean Abstract Blues* (Mercury)
The *Rebirth* compilations have been one of the most accessible ways of hearing just what's happening in the world of hip hop and acid – ooh, I hate that word – jazz. This album is another wander down this path, and is definitely the best yet in terms of its quality from start to finish. This isn't acid jazz, nor in fact any other pigeonhole type category. It's a cool, in-the-groove sound that finds a home everywhere from clubs to the background music at coffee shops! Compiled by **Julian Palmer**, *Phive* features well known bands like **Massive Attack**, **Portishead**, **Bomb The Bass** and **Tricky**, as well as a few emergers. Best moments? A fascinating **Beastie Boys** performance that breaks the mould, and the superb *Kosmos* by **Paul Weller** – a track previously only available to the lucky few who got the bonus CD with *Stanley Road*. ¥¥¥¥¥



AC/DC *Ballbreaker* (EMI)
Well, well, well . . . another Accadacca album. Given the penchant for some bands to change, and the fact that others surprise you by doing so (see the Red Hot Chili Peppers), it is refreshing to whack *Ballbreaker* into the CD player, crank it up, and hear . . . the same power rock with great riffs that we've always heard from them! That's a little unfair, because this album does feel more like funk/blues than most of the more recent stuff, perhaps due in part to the return of **Phil Rudd** on drums. Still, it's grunty stuff with the brothers **Young** ripping on guitar, **Cliff Williams**'s powerful bass, and the brilliant vocal ability of **Brian Johnson** – was a band ever so lucky as to replace someone as legendary as **Bon Scott** with a man who really can fill the shoes? Stand-out tracks include *Boogie Man*, *The Furor* and *Hail Caesar*. As they say, let there be rock . . . ¥¥¥¥



Blind Melon *Soup* (Capitol/EMI)
Blind Melon's first (self-titled) album established them as a band worth watching. The single *No Rain* was a sleeper that eventually claimed chart success. Now we have *Soup*, a sometimes dark and moody album, but one that says the initial impression of talent was spot on. Where Blind Melon showed a strong grunge influence (they had, after all, been supporting **Soundgarden** on the road prior to its release), *Soup* is a lot more mellow, with a fair bit of acoustic work. **Shannon Hoon**'s songwriting is maturing, and the band is simply getting tighter. Guitarists **Rogers Steven** and **Christopher Thorn** are obviously talented, and the rhythm section of drummer **Glen Graham** and **Brad Smith** on bass keeps it all together. This is one of those cases when the first album was good, the second better . . . reason to await the third with great anticipation. ¥¥¥¥

The Mavericks *Music For All Occasions* (MCA)
I am, unashamedly, a fan of contemporary country music, so it was with some embarrassment that I had to admit The Mavericks didn't ring any bells. Given that they've received Grammy nominations and won the Academy of Country Music awards title as Top New Vocal Group, this is something of an admission. Still, *Music For All Occasions* has set me straight. This is a collection of vintage ballads, from the time *Foolish Heart* starts, to the version of **Frank** and **Nancy Sinatra**'s *Something Stupid* (done with **Trisha Yearwood**). Lead singer and songwriter **Raul Malo** is a master of simplicity and the band captures everything from rockabilly to simple, basic country with great aplomb. If you've got a soft spot for the crooners, this is a classic, and I'm certainly lining up to add their previous offerings to my collection. ¥¥¥¥

. . . AND THE REST

Prince *The Gold Experience* (Warner) Okay, so he's brilliant, but sometimes the quality gets lost in the self-indulgent stuff. ¥¥

Black Grape *It's Great When You're Straight . . . Yeah* (BMG) Shaun Ryder returns from his post-Happy Monday hiatus to bring you pretty damn solid funky/groove stuff. ¥¥¥¥

Brian Wilson *I Just Wasn't Made For These Times* (MCA) This collection needs the support of the movie it's tied to to make it work, but interesting nonetheless. ¥¥¥

D.I.G. *Speakeasy* (Mercury) Australia's kings of groove are predictable in their solid – and high quality – output, although nothing really stands out here. ¥¥¥

Morrissey *Southpaw Grammar* (Sire/BMG) Well knock me down with a feather, a Morrissey album that wallows in self-pity! Still, one of his best releases since going solo. ¥¥¥¥

Micheal O Suilleabhain *Between Worlds* (Larrikin) Absolutely brilliant contemporary Irish traditional musician makes you float with his piano and lyrical work. ¥¥¥¥¥

Compiled by Chuck Smeeton

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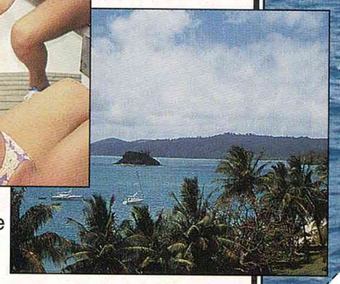

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VIDEO

BOYS ON THE SIDE
Directed by Herbert Ross

Boys has three very classy performances from its stars, a topnotch script and a deeply moving story of female friendship transcending some very sticky moments. It's also extremely witty despite the tear jerking, from the first moment black lesbian blues singer Jane (**Whoopi Goldberg**) answers an ad to share a car ride from New York to San Diego with the completely mismatched "Carpenters blonde" Robin (**Mary-Louise Parker**). Along the way they pick up Jane's mate Holly (**Drew Barrymore**) in the middle of a fight with her junkie boyfriend, a fight which she settles by bashing him over the head with a baseball bat. Incurably romantic Holly can't wait to go back to him, until it turns out she's killed him, and flight seems the only answer. Still, it's not *Thelma & Louise* – as one of them says, "I'm not going over the cliff for you two!" – and besides Robin has even bigger problems to contend with that she's never told the others about. Utterly disarming, and worth the price of the ticket just to watch Jane teaching straitlaced Robin that certain words are only words after all! ¥¥¥¥

THE X-FILE

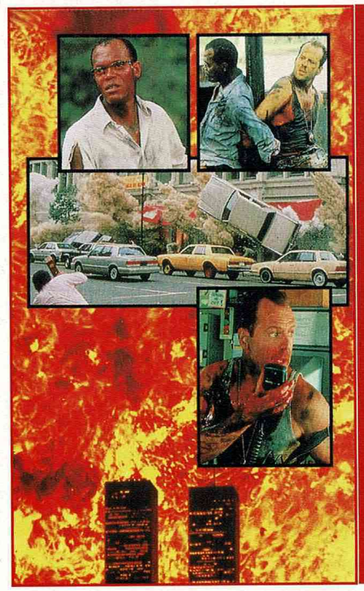
THE VOYEUR 2
Directed by John Leslie

John Leslie is held in high regard in the adult film business both as an actor in classics like *Every Woman Has A Fantasy*, and as a director in his own right of award winners like *Chameleons*. Alas, *Voyeur 2* does nothing to enhance his reputation, sticking for the most part to the clichéd routine of oral, vaginal and anal penetration, followed by a graphic ejaculation over the female's face. (Couldn't they just occasionally come inside, and we'll take it on trust?) Still, within the format of a voyeur with a hand-held video prying into unsuspecting people's lives, there's a certain excitement generated by his jerky camera technique and the way his spying influences people's lives (in one vignette he even saves a girl from being strangled). High point is a customer's abusing four idle car mechanics (three men and one woman), who meet her harsh words with soft caresses and a raging sexual encounter. I'm not quite sure why the female mechanic has a strap-on dildo under an overall which signally fails to cover her bounteous bosom! ¥¥

HOTEL SORRENTO
Directed by Richard Franklin

Yet another variation on the always fascinating three sisters theme, and one which has already been a successful play. **Caroline Goodall** plays the middle sister who's been nominated for the Booker prize for a novel which local resident **Joan Plowright** intimates to local journo **John Hargreaves** is clearly about the sleepy seaside resort of Sorrento, and in particular her two sisters. Eldest sister **Caroline Gillmer** runs the local deli, and looks after dad (**Ray Barrett**) and her son, while **Tara Morice**, the nervy youngest, has just returned from the States to open a sandwich franchise. When Goodall arrives too, to escape journalists, their fragile bonds start to unravel, and we begin to find out more and more about just who feels guiltiest about Gillmer's husband's death many years earlier.

Well, yes, it is talky, and often a bit stagy, and the Goodall character is often so irritating you'd like to slap her, but the intense encounters are riveting once the action picks up, and the arguments revolving around Australia's inferiority complex *vis-à-vis* the Poms are refreshing. Derivative, but entertaining. ¥¥¥



DIE HARD WITH A VENGEANCE

Directed by John McTiernan

At long last **Bruce Willis** gets his third crack at a surefire hit as Police Officer (now Lieutenant) John McLane. This one, though not originally written for the series, is action-packed and adapts well, with an alcoholic, suspended and maritally dysfunctional McLane recalled to duty to save his beloved New York from mad bomber Gruber (**Jeremy Irons**), brother of the original Gruber (**Alan Rickman**) and apparently out to avenge him. Of course it's all a cover for the heist of the century, and while the entire NYPD is protecting schools from bomb threats and McLane is rushing around with a hapless black civilian (**Samuel L. Jackson**) on wild goose chases, the terrorists are robbing the Federal Reserve. So what's wrong? Nothing really, in terms of thrillers – it surpasses *Die Harder*, and stands up in heavy competition like *True Lies*, *Speed* and *Cliffhanger*. It's just that it's like a Dutch auction of thrills now, and what is being forgotten is the emotional underpinning of *Die Hard*, in which McLane was a human being fighting for his marriage; not Superman, but a resourceful guy rising to the occasion. Now he's a bit of a caricature loner, locked, for example, into the inevitable car race across a crowded city, trying to out-*Speed Speed* – and the film is the lesser for it. Still, as thrillers go . . . ¥¥¥¥

SUITABLE FOR FREEZING

Stop the action and savour the moment!
Nobody's Fool (1994) Melanie Griffith lifts sweater, flashes a dumbfounded Paul Newman – and what a lovely flash it is.
The Exorcist (1973) Linda Blair barfs up pea soup. Freeze it in midspew.
Black Rain (1989) Check out Andy Garcia's grotesquely sliding neckline as he loses his head to a samurai sword.
What are your favourites? Write and tell us!

HOT RENTS

Dumb And Dumber We who laugh at Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels's lavatory humour are surely dumbest of all. ¥¥
Once Were Warriors This unflinching gaze at domestic violence and alcohol abuse in a Maori community will wipe the smile off anyone's face. ¥¥¥¥¥
Only You If you like really silly love stories starring people (Marisa Tomei, Robert Downey Jr) who should know better . . . ¥
Junior Male scientist gets pregnant for an experiment. Schwarzenegger and DeVito were funnier as *Twins*. ¥¥
Just Cause Young black faces the chair in the Deep South, but legal eagle Sean Connery thinks he's innocent. ¥¥¥¥
Stargate Kurt Russell and James Spader ride a spacewarp to the far side of the galaxy – and explain the riddle of the Pyramids! ¥¥¥¥
Outbreak A killer epidemic transfers from Africa to small town USA – can military boffin Dustin Hoffman contain it? ¥¥¥
The Lion King Now the third highest cinema grosser of all time – but Disney is still Disney. ¥¥¥
The Shawshank Redemption Unusual jail tale, with Tim Robbins surviving a double life sentence despite buggery and bastardry. ¥¥¥¥
Terminal Velocity A skydiving thriller that really works, with Charlie Sheen and Nastassja Kinski in free fall for Mother Russia. ¥¥¥

Compiled by Graham Barry

INTERVIEW

snoop doggy dogg

A candid conversation with the reigning king of rap about guns and gangs, surviving the joint and bringing opportunity to the ghetto

In Los Angeles, like most other US cities, shootings among young black men on the streets are all too common. But at least one murder trial scheduled for the criminal courts building promised to be different.

What made this case unusual was the defendant. Calvin Broadus, best known as rap star Snoop Doggy Dogg, was charged with murder and conspiracy, and as an accessory after the fact.

Snoop was accused of driving to a park in the Palms district of Los Angeles where his bodyguard, McKinley Lee, shot and killed Philip Woldermariam, who had reportedly been a member of a gang called the By Yerself Hustlers.

Snoop, his bodyguard and a friend also charged in the murder claimed they were innocent because Woldermariam went for his pistol first, forcing Lee to shoot in self-defence. But the district attorney contended otherwise. The criminal trial could influence the outcome of a $25 million lawsuit brought against Dogg by Woldermariam's parents, who accused him of benefiting from their son's death. The victim's sister had told the press, "Snoop's career has gone very far because of this murder. He's being portrayed as a hero. I've heard it said, 'Snoop doesn't just talk the talk, he walks the walk.'"

Whether guilty or not, Snoop Dogg's career has taken off since the killing. Doggystyle has sold 4.5 million copies, generating more than $40 million. He had been nominated for a long list of music awards – including the Grammys and American Music Awards – and he won Soul Train's best rap honours. His record debuted at number one stateside, passing releases by Pearl Jam and Aerosmith. And Snoop's soulful raps have earned raves. A reviewer for the Los Angeles Times wrote: "No rapper has ever occupied a beat the way Snoop does, sliding around corners, lounging on the syncopations, slipping into the cracks and crevices of the grooves." At 24 years old, he seems unstoppable – if he doesn't wind up in jail.

Snoop was born in 1971 on the east side of Long Beach, just south of Los Angeles. He is the middle child between two half brothers, and was raised by his mother, who gave him his nickname. His father and stepfather were both only intermittently involved in his life.

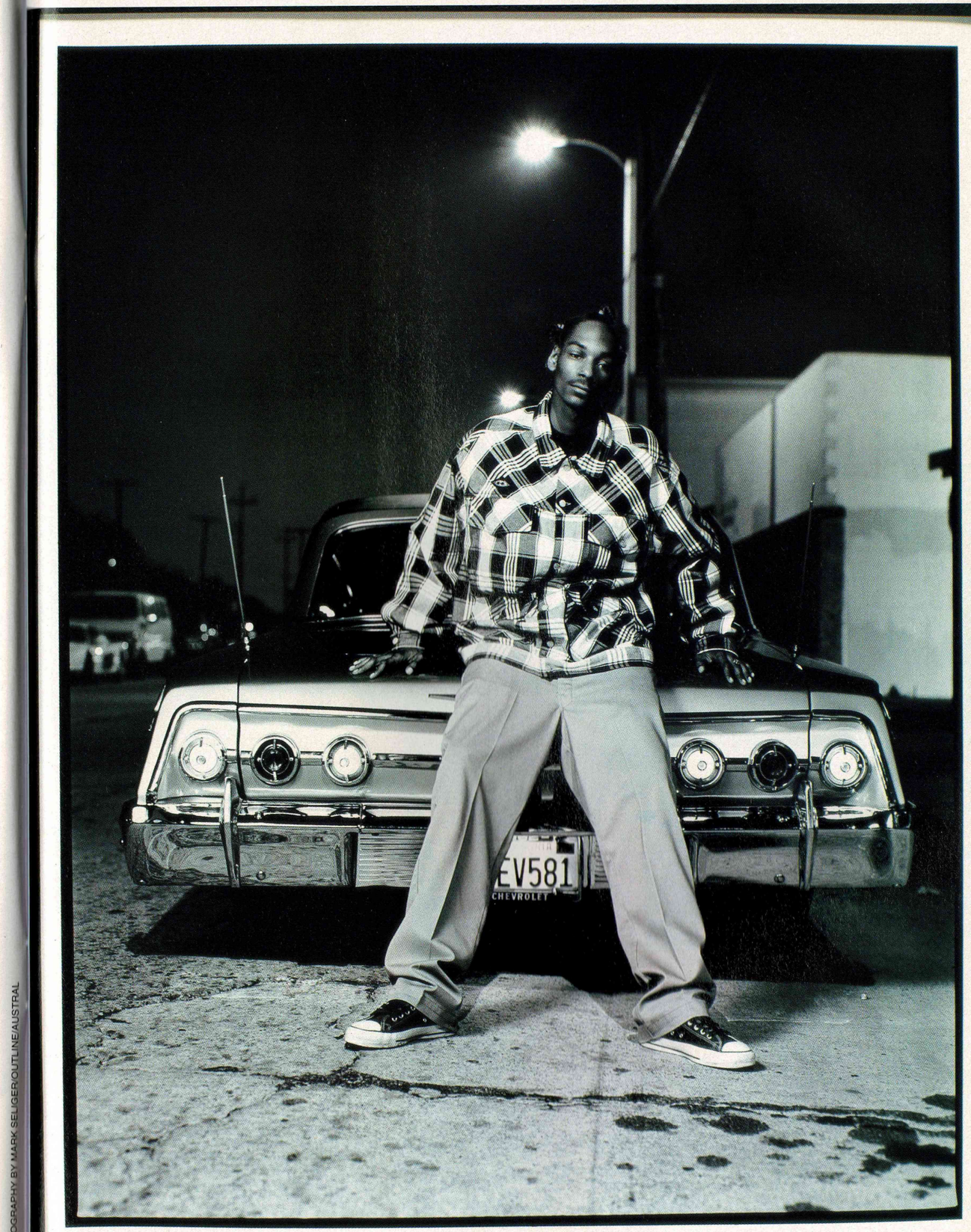
As a boy, Snoop's world centred on Golgotha Trinity Baptist Church. He played piano and sang in the choir. He played basketball and Pop Warner football and was a class clown, rapping at lunchtime for an audience that continued to grow. Eventually church became less of an influence than the local gang, the Long Beach Insane Crips.

Barely one month before his graduation from high school Snoop was arrested for selling cocaine to an undercover agent. He served a year in jail. Upon his release, he decided to concentrate on rapping. He went back to jail for several months for violating his probation and he was arrested two more times for gun possession.

In the back of a friend's record store, Snoop made rap tapes under his new stage name, Doggy Dogg. His life began to change when one wound up in the hands of Dr Dre. Their first collaboration – Dre creates and produces the music tracks and Snoop does the rhymes and rapping – was the title song for the movie Deep Cover. It went to number one on the rap charts. Then came Dre's album, followed by Snoop's solo debut.

We sent contributing editor ***David Sheff*** *to talk to Snoop.*

PLAYBOY: Have you been shot at?
DOGG: Plenty of times.
PLAYBOY: How? In drive-by shootings?
DOGG: Drive-bys, walk-bys. It ain't like



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Boyz N The Hood shit. It's worse. In the movie, you know it's going to come, because of the music or the scene before. On the streets you don't get scenes. You could be hanging out, holding your baby – you know what I'm saying? And talking to your momma, and a car will ride up real slow. You ain't even paying attention, and they serve all, y'all. You, your baby and your mom.

PLAYBOY: So innocent bystanders are fair game.

DOGG: Shit, yes. If you're trying to get somebody and this might be the only time you're going to catch him, but he is holding his baby and his momma, you aren't gonna let that chance go by. That's the mentality of the streets. If you let that chance go by, he might catch your ass. That's the way we are brainwashed. Instead of jumping out of the car without the gun and talking to him, you have to shoot.

PLAYBOY: What would happen if someone tried that, if he got out of the car to talk?

DOGG: He'd be shot. Instant.

PLAYBOY: Simply because he's in a different gang?

DOGG: Motherfuckers die for crazy reasons. That's why you have to ask yourself, what is heaven and what is hell? I think this is hell, where we're living.

PLAYBOY: You've twice been arrested for carrying guns. Did everyone in your neighbourhood carry guns?

DOGG: Not everybody. Everybody doesn't have access to one, or the money to get one.

PLAYBOY: How about you?

DOGG: Why do people carry guns? Protection, right? To protect me and myself. Whether it's home protection or street protection.

PLAYBOY: Not all people use guns for protection – often they're for perpetrating crimes.

DOGG: For some. But mostly you view the perils and you know you can be a target. That's this life.

PLAYBOY: You seem fairly accepting of guns and violence.

DOGG: When I was a small boy, if we had a problem, we would fight about it with our fists. I thought that made more sense – it showed something about you. We wouldn't shoot somebody, killing them or wounding them. That's not hard to do. I would like people to put down the guns. If you have a problem, talk about it or fight about it.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've glamourised guns by posing with them in photos.

DOGG: It wasn't glamourising or glorifying. It was just something I was asked to do. I wouldn't do it again, except if I do a movie and play an Arnold Schwarzenegger.

PLAYBOY: Are you carrying a gun now?

DOGG: No.

PLAYBOY: When did you see your first shooting?

DOGG: When the family moved to north Long Beach from the east side, when I was 15. That's when I started seeing real gangsta shit. I had motherfuckers getting shot, shooting at me. Getting robbed. Drug deals. Prostitution. I started seeing that shit hands on. It wasn't just, "Oh yeah. Little Johnny got killed down the street the other night." It was like, pow, pow, pow, pow. Oh shit! Motherfuckers crying and shit because some of their people just got smoked. One time I had a deuce five. Me and two other homeboys had that motherfucker sitting in the trash can in case the police come. We were between these buildings, just sitting around. So, a car drives by, right? It hit the corner real slow. I'm closest to the gun. I see the car creeping around the corner. So instead of grabbing the gun, I'm like, "Fuck that." I say, "These motherfuckers are going to blast." So we get up and run instead of grabbing the gun. I almost got killed. But if I would have gone for that gun, I would have been killed.

"They killed Martin, they killed Malcolm. One of them was for violence, one was against it, and they both are dead. What is that saying?"

PLAYBOY: Did you learn anything from that?

DOGG: Motherfucker don't need a gun. He needs his smarts.

PLAYBOY: What were they retaliating for?

DOGG: I shot a motherfucker in the head with a BB gun by accident. I had just bought a little BB gun. You know how you pump it up and shoot. Pow! I was just shooting. And the motherfucker hit the guy on the cheek. He went and got his homeboys and said I had shot at him or something.

PLAYBOY: After you got away, did they come after you again?

DOGG: Hell, yeah! It's not like they get only one try. [*Laughs*] Don't go like that. Numerous occasions.

PLAYBOY: What's it like growing up with that constant threat?

DOGG: You're always ready.

PLAYBOY: You must have been afraid.

DOGG: Shit, yes, you're afraid.

PLAYBOY: Now you have a son. How has that affected the way you live?

DOGG: And I'm going to have another one. It makes you think. We have to be good fathers to our babies, so we can put a stop to that pattern. Now, people think it's cool to have a baby, but it ain't cool to take care of it. We have to change that. You make your life for that baby. That's the future.

PLAYBOY: Why is it cool to have babies but not to take care of them?

DOGG: Sex was around before we got here. It wasn't something that was taught to us. Nobody said, "If you have a baby, you'll need money to take care of it." Nobody said there wasn't going to be any money there for it. In Bel Air and Beverly Hills, 90 per cent of the babies get taken care of. In the ghettos, it's 15 per cent. Kids don't learn. It starts in the home. A mother and father or no father or mother. Nobody lays out a foundation of how shit is supposed to be. The pattern goes on.

PLAYBOY: Does fatherhood make you more careful? Do you take better care of yourself, to make sure you're around for your son?

DOGG: I really don't do anything to brake myself. As far as the damages to my body, I'm not a drinker. I let the gin and juice alone.

PLAYBOY: This from the writer of *Gin And Juice*?

DOGG: You won't hear any more alcohol songs from Snoop Dogg – unless I stumble up on some Hennessy.

PLAYBOY: Clearly you think marijuana is different.

DOGG: It ain't for bad, it's for good. I take good care of myself. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Are financial problems the main reason many ghetto families split up?

DOGG: Face it: if he has no job and she has no job, and she lives with her mother and baby, there are no diapers, no milk and his only means of getting money is through drugs, and her only means of getting money is through the county or drugs, it will all break down, and nobody will give a fuck. If they have an argument because he's not able to do for her, he gone. The kid's father is nowhere to be found.

PLAYBOY: Nobody cares?

DOGG: Nobody cared about the riot until they thought they might spill into their nice neighbourhoods. Then they got scared and called the National Guard. When it was in my hood, the police didn't give a fuck. When the looting was going on, the police ran right past. You saw it on TV: everybody was running out of the stores and the police weren't doing shit.

But when it spread to Beverly Hills, the police started beating motherfuckers. We got smart. We backed up before too many of us got hurt.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the riot had an impact?

DOGG: Yes, it did. But now it's forgotten, because everything is back to normal again. We don't know what to do about it, so we try it both ways. They killed Martin, they killed Malcolm. You got two black folk representing us through the '60s. One of them was for violence, one was against it, and they both are dead. What is that saying?

PLAYBOY: What is that saying to you?

DOGG: That's saying America doesn't give a fuck about a black motherfucker. Nigger, you're outta here when we say you are outta here. That's it.

PLAYBOY: Yet Malcolm X was killed by a black man.

DOGG: It doesn't matter how they do it. They do it. They pull you down, they set you up, they arrest you.

PLAYBOY: In your case, for murder.

DOGG: They find some way to bring you down.

PLAYBOY: It's always "they". Don't you feel any personal responsibility when you or your friends get in trouble?

DOGG: If I had been a straight-A student my whole life and rapped about Jesus coming back to save us all, I wouldn't get any media. The motherfuckers wouldn't give a fuck about me. But since I'm telling the truth, and been through what I'm stressing and know what I'm talking about, I'm a threat. Because the motherfuckers have to respect the fact that this motherfucker knows like they know, but has a little more power than they do. That makes them feel I'm a threat, the same way Malcolm and Martin were. They had control of the whole black race. One side or the other, whether you were with Malcolm or with Martin, you were with the black race. Now there ain't any unity out there. Ain't no one motherfucker who could just call those shots. But the motherfuckers with power knock them down, so they can't utilise that power.

PLAYBOY: In your case, whether your bodyguard shot in self-defence or not, there was no outside force getting you in trouble. It was black men against other black men.

DOGG: So many people representing different sections of our community are taken down one way or another. The system was designed to break us down. You think it isn't true? The three-strike rule is to break a black man down. How are you going to say a motherfucker committed three crimes and you have to give him 25 to life? Okay, on the fourth time he might not even want to commit that crime.

PLAYBOY: Americans want repeat offenders behind bars. Do you understand their fears?

DOGG: That's not giving any love. Black folks don't have a chance, so they in the hood, dealing drugs, in a shoot-out. They do it again and one more time they are out. They are going back to your juvenile record. If you have two felonies as a juvenile, those count. You need only one more strike as an adult and you're through. This is a way to get rid of more of us – the ones who ain't already dead because they are shooting each other. They are building more jails in California. What about building more schools in our neighbourhoods? Like Ice Cube say, "Why more niggers in the pen than in college?"

PLAYBOY: There have been stickers on all your records that warn about your language. Does that bother you?

DOGG: I think it's good. Then people know what they get. No one should be shocked after that. You were warned, you bought it. If you don't like these words, go get some gospel shit, or jazz shit or some whiter shit.

PLAYBOY: But most of the people who buy your music are white.

DOGG: Yeah. When I was on MTV, for instance, the whole audience was white. If you look at the tape, everybody in the audience was grooving like a motherfucker. They were dancing, rhythmic, because they weren't paying attention to what the older folks were saying. They weren't giving a fuck. They enjoy life, like I do. And they are listening. They want to know what's happening, too. There's nothing wrong with wanting to know what's happening.

PLAYBOY: What's the impact on young black girls when they hear you and other rappers singing about women being bitches and whores?

DOGG: Those who are, are. Those who aren't, aren't. Those words were here before I was here. America made those words, I didn't. I'm 24 years old. Anybody older than me knows they were saying bitch before I was born in 1971. And fuck and dick. I didn't make that shit up. If I did, I mean, damn, give me some money! Because that's creative shit.

But the bitches and ho's are the ones who come up to your hotel room, because they know you are making money, and after you get down and do what you're going to do, all of a sudden they get a rape case, and you end up in the pen. Like Mike Tyson, like Tupac.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that Mike Tyson was innocent?

DOGG: Shit, yeah. I love Mike Tyson.

PLAYBOY: And Tupac Shakur, too?

DOGG: They want to take him down, but he got more of a following now that he is slammed down. More people are behind him now. All they are doing is helping him as far as when he gets out. They are putting him through hell right now, as far as life. It's something he's always known. Listen to his lyrics. He tells about this, about the system. He knows the way it's designed.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about his conviction for abusing a woman?

DOGG: What is that? If a motherfucker wants to have sex with you, they are going to have sex with you. There's no such thing as abuse. She was liking it when it happened. After she left the room, she started to see that she could get money.

PLAYBOY: She apparently didn't like it at all.

DOGG: I believe Tupac. I know that a motherfucker won't be lying in New York, fucking the shit out of a bitch and just leaving her hanging. He probably was enjoying himself with her, and he probably was finished. One of the homes probably came in and she didn't know how to act and ran out the room. If it was rape, it was rape. If it was sex abuse, that means she wanted it, or she didn't want it that way.

PLAYBOY: What if he hurt her?

DOGG: He didn't hurt anybody. If he did, he'll pay. But they don't stop him. Wait until his next record. It will be huge. I have some shit that we did together that nobody's heard.

PLAYBOY: How about you? Are you worried you'll be convicted?

DOGG: No. I trust the juries, I trust my attorney, I trust God. The fact is, the truth will come out. The truth will come out when it's time.

PLAYBOY: And what if you are convicted?

DOGG: He has a reason. I go with the time.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge that your music is a powerful influence on young people? The way you sing "Walking down the street smoking endo, sipping on gin and juice" makes it sound inviting.

DOGG: They listen because it sounds good. Fuck what I'm saying. I didn't make those words up.

PLAYBOY: You put them together, you made the rhymes.

DOGG: You're saying that those kids are going to smoke and drink because of that song, and not smoke and drink because of no song. That's not how it works. Hugh Hefner doesn't give a fuck about a motherfucker saying he glorifies sex. Why should I give a fuck about what a motherfucker feels about me glorifying life or violence? I'm living like Hugh right now.

PLAYBOY: You've also been criticised by other rappers for leaving the hood.

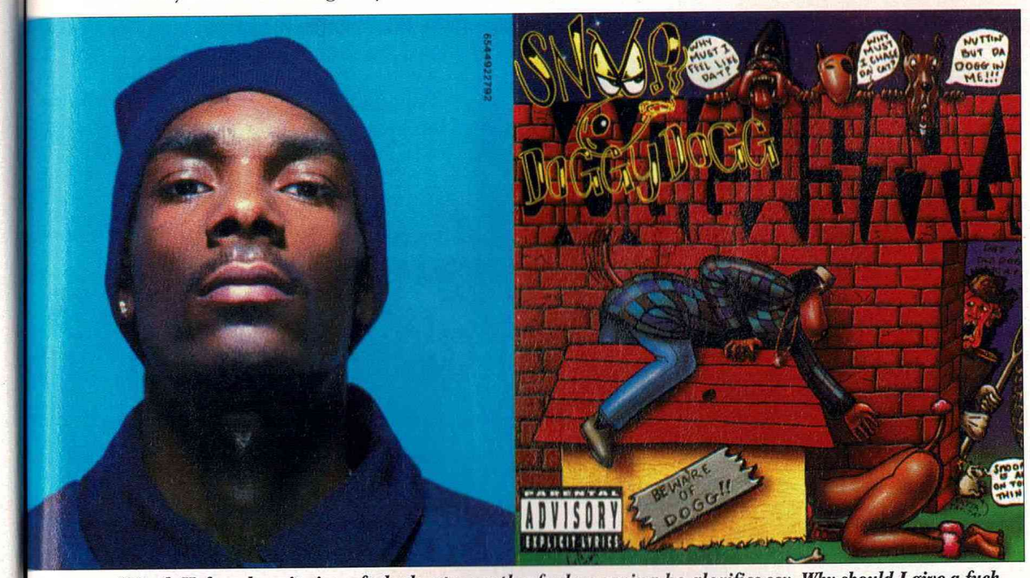
DOGG: I never went through the hood and said, "Damn! When I make a lot of money, I'm going to buy that house right there!" I always wanted to be out of that shit and have a nice home where I wouldn't have to worry about gunshots. Growing up, I didn't dream of being nothing, of living in the ghetto my whole life. I wanted to get out. I'm not trying to run from the hood, I'm just trying to have expectations and goals to get finer things in life. That's all. Because I am still going through the hood.

PLAYBOY: Do you need to be careful not to lose touch with your roots because of your fame and money?

DOGG: There's no such thing as losing touch. You can take me out of the ghetto, but you can't take the ghetto out of me.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to stay out of gangs in your neighbourhood?

DOGG: No. You can avoid that shit. Nobody comes knocking on your door, saying, oh, you got to be some woo-woo. Nobody does that shit. If you associate yourself with those gang-mentality motherfuckers you're going to become a part of it. If you go to church every Sunday, go right in the house when you get out of school, go where you got to go, you're straight.



"Hugh Hefner doesn't give a fuck about a motherfucker saying he glorifies sex. Why should I give a fuck what a motherfucker feels about me glorifying life or violence? I'm living like Hugh right now."

PLAYBOY: Do some people join gangs for protection?

DOGG: I don't know anybody who joined a gang for protection. That shit doesn't happen in my hood. You join it because you need love and family support. You need a motherfucker who can identify with what you're going through.

PLAYBOY: You were present when the Crips and Bloods signed their truce. How involved were you?

DOGG: I supported it. I talked to some homeys.

PLAYBOY: What made it happen?

DOGG: Money. They had to get something in return. Okay, if we stop killing, what are we going to get? What are y'all going to do for us?

PLAYBOY: What was the answer?

DOGG: We're gonna try to provide money and show these motherfuckers that it's safe to put jobs here. It's safe to build something here.

PLAYBOY: Did the money that was promised for neighbourhood improvement ever show up?

DOGG: I ain't seen too much happen so far. They all say, "Oh boo hoo, ain't nothing can be done about those motherfuckers." Something can be done. They just don't want to do it. Money, opportunity and jobs. All we ever asked for was opportunity. Just let us be equal, to do what you do. And get the money like you get. Without racism, without all the struggle, without all this negative shit.

PLAYBOY: You were a good athlete in high school. Why did you give it up?

DOGG: It wasn't making money for me and I was getting older and money was becoming important. To me, that shit – being Michael Jordan – was an unaccomplishable dream. I was like, okay, I'm going to do all this working out and shit, but then – fuck it. What if the motherfucker don't make the team? Meantime, my momma couldn't give me what I wanted. I had all-right clothes, but the people I was with had better clothes. I felt that I had to have better clothes. Motherfuckers wore Nikes and shit like that, and we wore shoes from Pay Less. I had to have money in my pocket, see. That was just me. I guess it was attention. So I went out and got little jobs. I was selling candy as a teenager, selling newspapers. But as I got older, I didn't want to sell that anymore. I wanted to make more money.

PLAYBOY: How much were you making?

DOGG: I made $45, $50 a week. I worked at McDonald's a while, $100 a week. But I needed more.

PLAYBOY: More for what?

DOGG: For life. Moms couldn't do for me no more. She barely could do for herself. When you get to that certain age, you feel like you're stepping from a boy to a man. When I turned 16 I thought I was a man. I needed the money. When you don't have it, crazy thoughts go through your mind.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

DOGG: He's got it and I don't. Why not take it from him? I'm bigger than him. You understand? I went to jail for what I started doing.

PLAYBOY: For selling cocaine.

DOGG: Yeah. When I got arrested, I thought that was wrong, crazy shit. I didn't understand. How could I go to jail for selling some drugs?

PLAYBOY: But you knew it was illegal.

DOGG: It didn't make sense. I didn't make the drugs, I didn't put them in the community. It was just a job I had. If they want to, they could take me to jail for avoiding taxes – I didn't pay any. But don't take me to jail for selling. I couldn't see nothing wrong doing what is logical to do.

PLAYBOY: How is it logical?

DOGG: Drugs are so easy to get in the ghetto. They might not be easy to get in nice areas like Beverly Hills, but in Long Beach and Compton and South Central they're easy to get. They don't drop those drugs off in Beverly Hills. They drop them off in the ghetto. Then they tell us it's wrong to sell them. Well, we didn't bring them here. We just sell them. I was selling, just like I sold newspapers. It was just a giant step from that. From $50 a week to $1000 a week.

PLAYBOY: What were you spending your money on?

DOGG: I really wasn't spending it. I was so busy earning more and more, trying to get bigger. Then I bought a car. I got a hotel room and some clothes. You understand, it was a program I had. I was just dedicated to making money. When the ex-surgeon general [*Joycelyn*

(continued on page 112)

THE FABULOUS FIVE

A select group of Australia's top young models get down to basics . . .

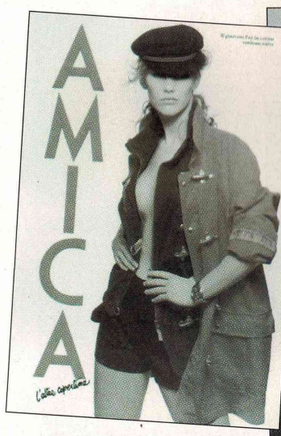
Models are counted among the world's top celebrities nowadays. Names like Cindy Crawford, Elle Macpherson, Linda Evangelista, Helena Christensen and Claudia Schiffer grace the pages of all the glossy magazines and have a permanent place among the glitterati. *Playboy* and supermodels have always had a close relationship, as the legendary pictorials of Cindy, Elle and Stephanie Seymour, to name but a few, bear witness, and the impact of those sensational shoots has inspired us to go on a search for Australia's top young talent. The results, shot by contributing photographer Adam Watson – the man behind the stunning Dannii Minogue and Wendy Botha pictorials – are electrifying! Who knows, one of these dazzling beauties may achieve supermodel stardom before too long.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM WATSON

George

Height: 179cm (5'10 1/2")
Bust: 34B
Waist: 25
Hips: 36
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Green

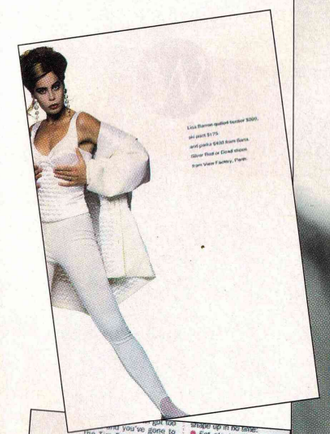
In the world of modelling, getting chosen to feature in an Armani campaign is the equivalent of winning the grand final – and George has already hit these heights. This stunning beauty has spent considerable time working in both Europe and America, and she's currently working in Paris, although when in Australia she calls Sydney home.



Shelley

Height: 176cm (5'9")
Bust: 35B
Waist: 24
Hips: 35
Hair: Blonde
Eyes: Blue/Grey

While the rest of our fabulous five have spent a fair bit of time treading the international catwalks, Shelley has yet to venture overseas. Originally from Perth but now living in Melbourne – where she's in great demand – we reckon she's going to be a smash hit when she takes a trip. Her devilish Brigitte Bardot-style beauty will wow them.

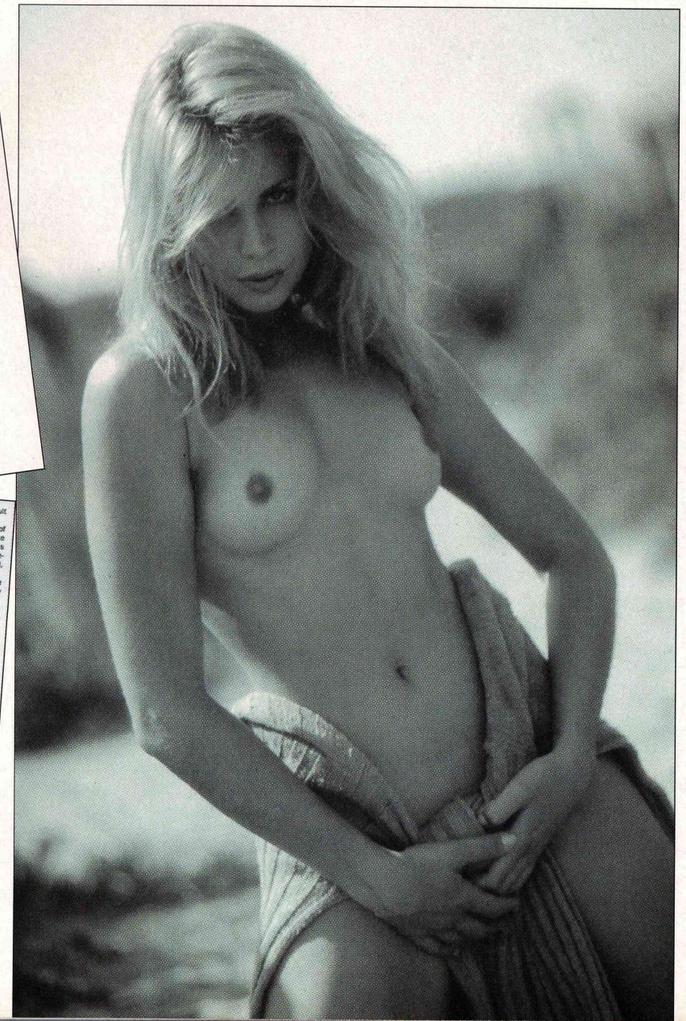


Lisa Darnell quilted bustier $300, slit skirt $175 and panty $400 from Gena. Glove Stud or Cloud shawl from Vane Factory, Perth.

...if you've gone to the Tim Tam packet and ...

...shape up in no time.

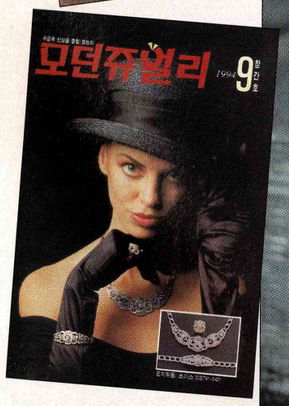
- Eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables.
- Use minimal amounts of fat for cooking and make sure you eat generous amounts of carbohydrate-based foods such as bread, rice, potatoes and pasta.
- Drink no more than three cups of tea or coffee a day – try herbal tea instead.
- Eat reasonably-sized portions of food rather than gobbling down heaps until you feel like you're bursting.
- Don't just eat a lot of one type of food – not only is it really boring, but you'll be robbing your body of vitamins and minerals available from



Diane

Height: 177cm (5'9 1/2")
Bust: 33
Waist: 23
Hips: 33
Hair: Light
Eyes: Hazel

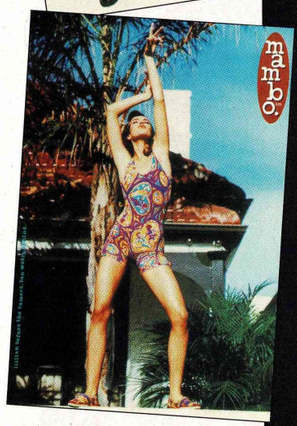
Diane is yet another great traveller. She's done heaps of work in Japan, as well as extensive periods in Germany where she's one of the most in-demand high fashion models. What's more, the Melbourne-based Diane has done a lot of television work – including some appearances in the soapies.



Lilian

Height: 179cm (5'10 1/2")
Bust: 32
Waist: 24
Hips: 35
Hair: Dark Brown
Eyes: Hazel

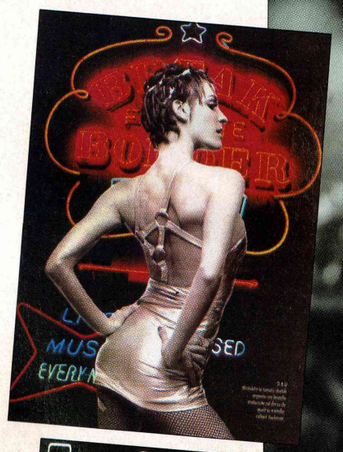
This girl is a real beach beauty! With campaigns for Levi's jeans and Mambo to her credit, to say nothing of her amazing looks, is it any wonder she's gone out with a few pro surfers? Lilian spends most of her time in Sydney, listening to extremely loud music by all accounts.



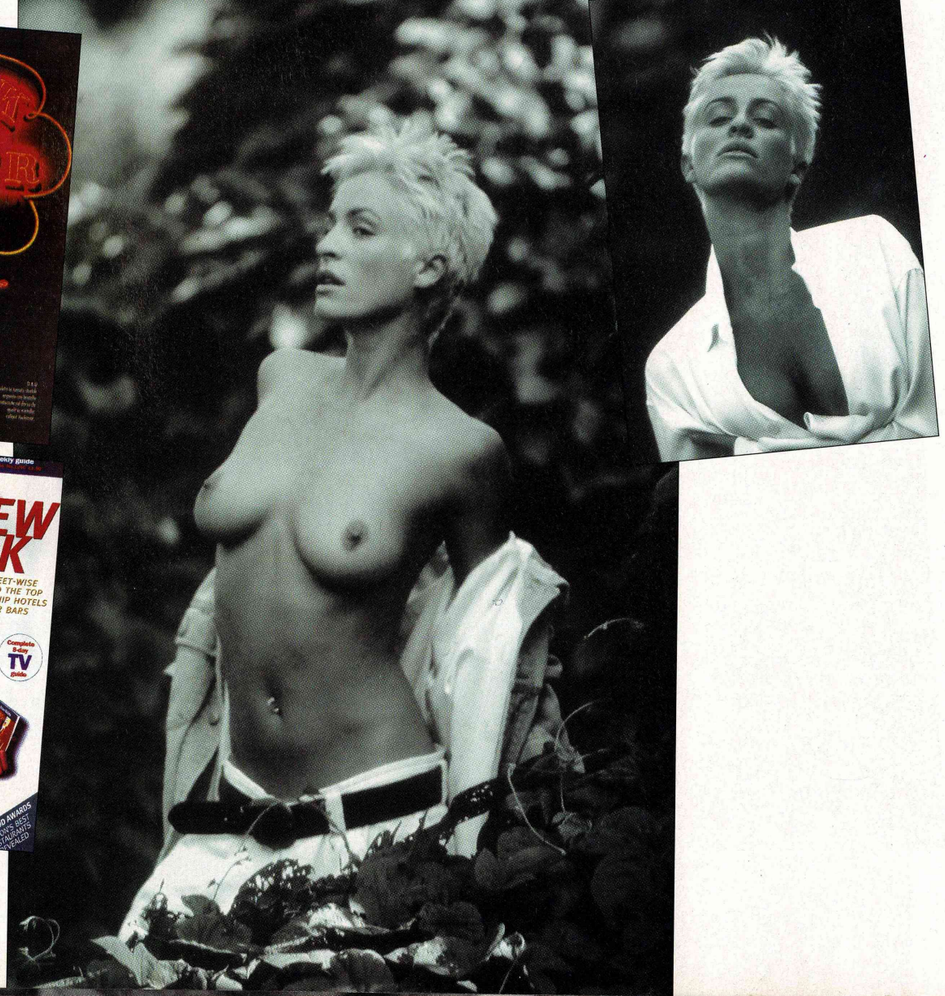
Sacha

Height: 178cm (5'10")
Bust: 34C
Waist: 24
Hips: 34
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Green-grey

Sacha is a model with quite a history! Having worked all over the world – with long stints in London and New York – she even found time to have none other than Seal as a former boyfriend. Currently overseas on the international circuit (again!), Sacha is a real Gypsy, having travelled extensively both around the world and in Australia, as well as spending time living in the Caribbean.



Time Out
London's weekly guide
NEW YORK
THE STREET-WISE GUIDE TO THE TOP SHOPS, HIP HOTELS AND STAR BARS
Complete 8-day TV Guide
★ We're not worthy! An audience with Alice Cooper
★ Ambience chasers Why The Ché lead the pack
★ David Hare On making movies with a mind
★ In the Cannes The top festival films reviewed
1994 FOOD AWARDS
LONDON'S BEST RESTAURANTS REVIEWED



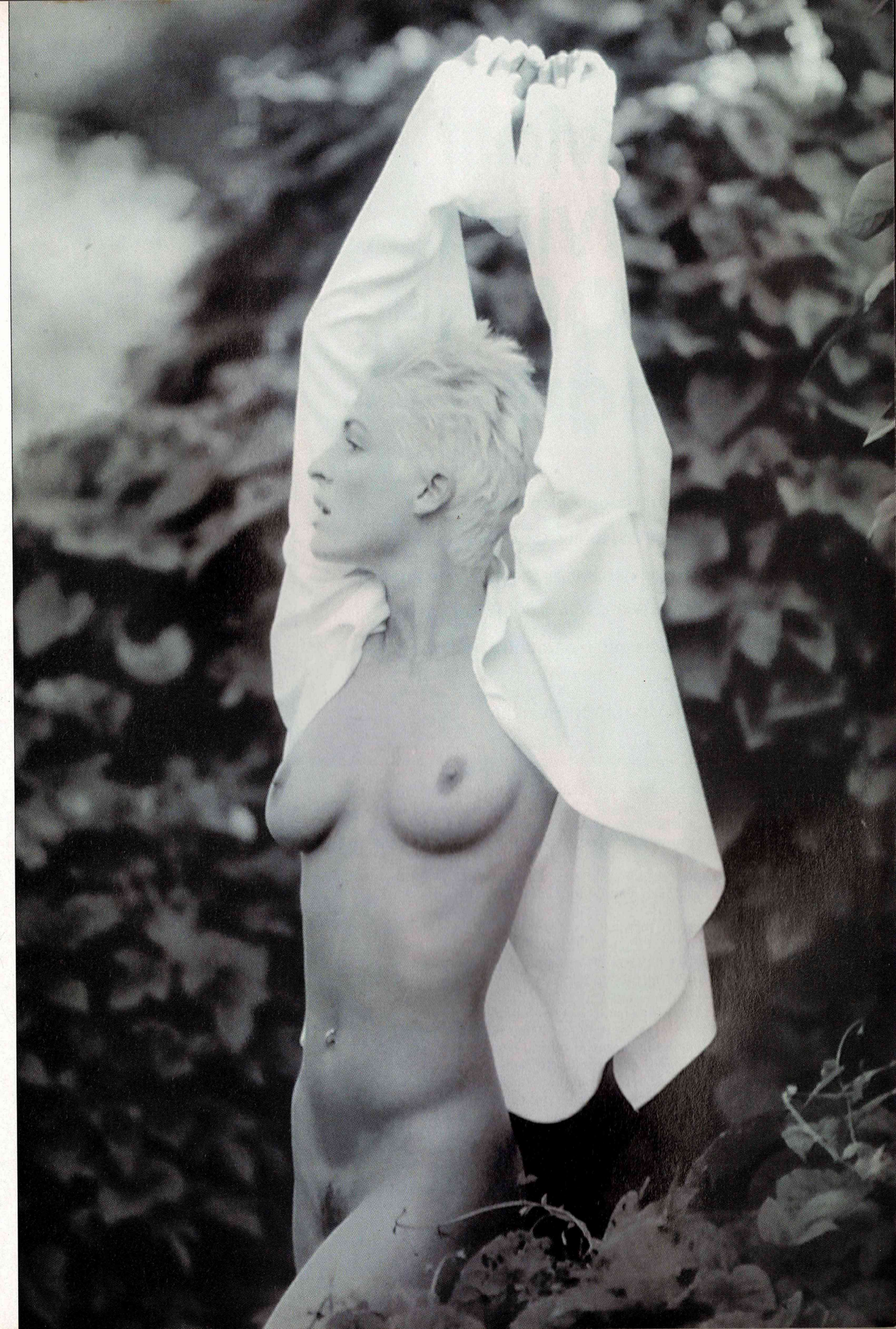


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

The Most Terrifying Man Of The Year?

On April 19, 168 people died in a bomb explosion in sleepy Oklahoma City. This chilling portrait of the accused bomber by the men who knew him best – the Gulf War soldiers of the Renegade Brigade – delves into his troubled mind.

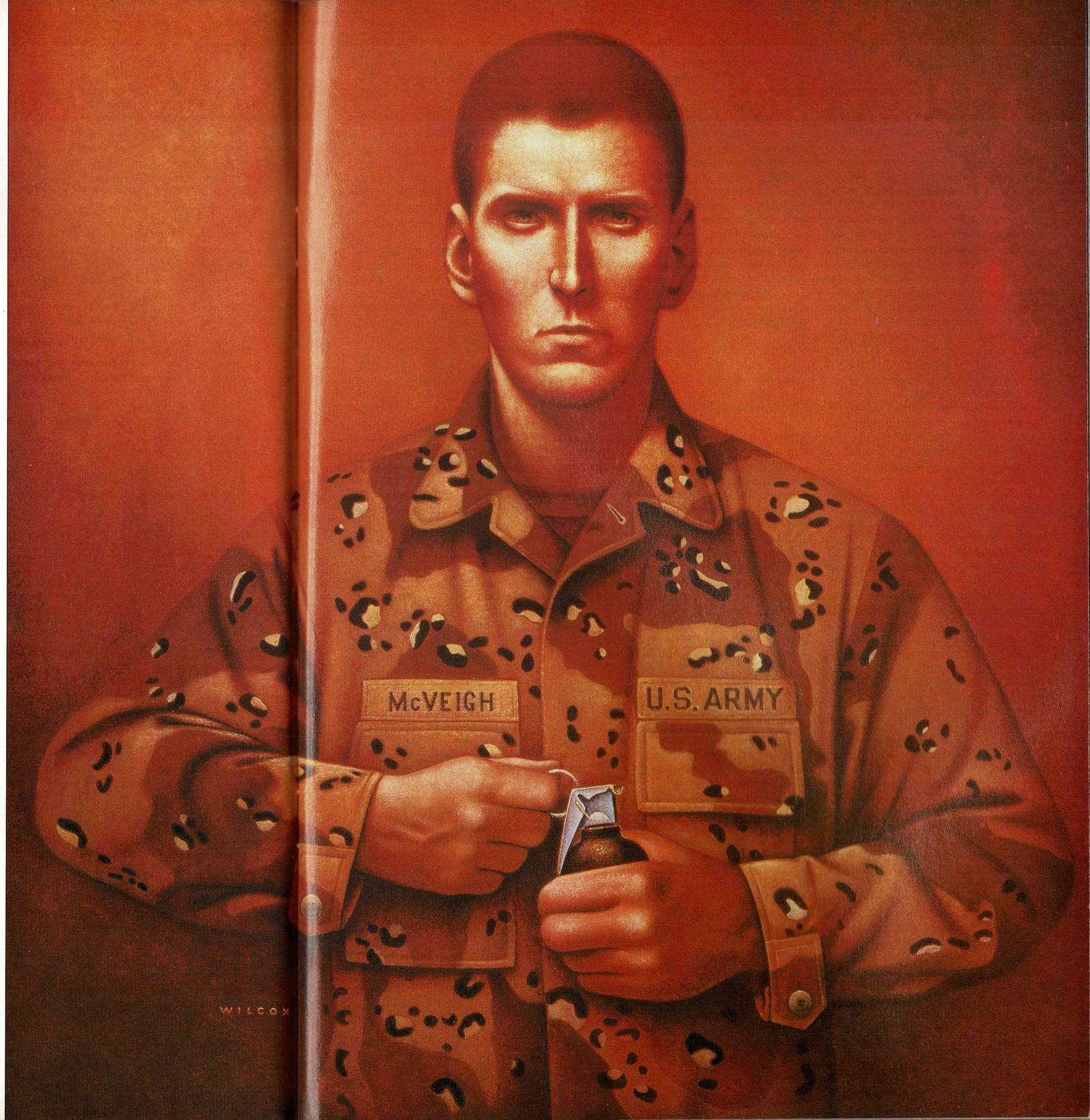
Article by **Jonathon Franklin**

On 24 February 1991, a freezing dawn broke in the Syrian Desert. The soldiers of Charley Company loaded their weapons and listened to the thump of artillery shells and the whine of missiles. The numbing, gritty wind and the endless sandy plains made them feel vulnerable, haunted, as they prepared for the afternoon offensive. There was reason for their anxiety. The army's battle plan allowed for Charley Company to take 70 per cent casualties.

Among the troopers there that day was 22-year-old Timothy McVeigh, a sergeant with six infantrymen under his command. McVeigh was the gunner in charge of protecting his Bradley Fighting Vehicle, an aluminium troop transport. If he misfired, froze or panicked, all seven men might be incinerated.

At 2.30pm, the countdown to battle reached one hour. Jason Smith, the driver in McVeigh's vehicle, fired up the 600hp turbocharged diesel engine. Lieutenant Jesus Rodriguez, the vehicle commander, took his seat to the right of McVeigh and tested the radio system. McVeigh strapped himself into the gunner's turret and checked his weapons. In his lap he couched a 25mm cannon that could fire armour piercing shells through six feet of reinforced concrete, or high explosive shells with a kill radius of five metres. In an exterior box, mounted to the left of the turret, a dual missile launcher was available to destroy enemy tanks within 3750m. A coaxial machine gun provided close-in support. The coaxial fires 1000 rounds a minute and is fitted with detachable barrels to prevent meltdown. An automatic cartridge ejection system prevents gunners from being instantly buried in casings.

When McVeigh leaned forward, his forehead rested against a padded



Terrifying

viewfinder. With these thermal sensors the desert lit up with a red background and targets glowed. His screens were so accurate that he could pick off desert rats from 200 metres.

When thousands of synchronised watches hit 3.00pm, the M1 tanks, equipped with gigantic blades for ploughing sand, and the Bradleys stormed toward the Iraqi bunkers. They then turned sharply to the left or right and began dumping tonnes of earth into the trenches. This ploughing manœuvre was so successful that Iraqi soldiers, many of them Kurdish draftees who would rather have shot Hussein than face the First Infantry, crawled frantically from the trenches as they saw a wall of killer sand whirl their way. They ran away from the M1 tanks and straight into the crosshairs of Bradley gunners such as McVeigh.

"It was like a video game," says Robin Littleton, a gunner who fought in a Bradley vehicle alongside McVeigh. "We went through there shooting our asses off. The guys coming up behind us said it was the most horrendous thing they had ever seen. They were finding people beheaded or half alive, buried alive or trying to crawl with their arms blown off."

For nearly 48 hours this procedure was continued. The artillery bombarded the Iraqi trenches, then any Iraqis with white flags were taken prisoner. Finally the ploughs and gunners moved toward the trenches, turned smartly and buried any remaining Iraqis.

"Once you made that turn, there was no time to let prisoners out," says Captain Jeff Coverdale, who fought in the brigade alongside McVeigh's. "It was time to attack, and everybody there dies. Then you move on to the next objective."

Two colonels who led this operation, Lon Maggart and Anthony Moreno, later estimated that between 650 and 2000 Iraqi soldiers died in such attacks.

McVeigh would later receive a Bronze Star, six other medals and an invitation to commando school for his part in the war. The citation with his Bronze Star proclaimed that his "selfless actions were key to the flawless execution of the mission, the liberation of Kuwait and the ultimate defeat of the Iraqi army. Sergeant McVeigh's devotion to duty truly exemplifies the finest tradition of the military service and reflects great credit upon him."

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In the aftermath of the devastating blast at the Alfred P. Murrah federal building in Oklahoma City, the FBI and army have been reluctant to discuss the military career of the chief suspect. "I am doing my best to distance the US Army from Timothy James McVeigh," says Lieutenant Colonel Harkey, a military spokesman.

And yet many who knew McVeigh have been willing to talk about their former comrade-in-arms. The soldiers and veterans who spoke with me, especially the gunners who served in McVeigh's platoon, insist that the Pentagon and the FBI have clearly played down McVeigh's weapons training and combat leadership. They describe a dedicated young soldier who fearlessly led his squad into battle. They also say McVeigh was a serious soldier who intently studied complex weapons manuals.

The men of Charley Company, including McVeigh, were part of many army experiments, including those with untested vaccines, a new generation of experimental tanks and a community housing program designed to enhance group unity. This unity experiment, known as a Cohort program, kept the 115 men of Charley Company together from basic training through combat. Many were in the same bunks, tanks and training courses as McVeigh for three years. These are the men who knew him best, who fought alongside him in war and are now bound together again by the possibility that their Charley Company colleague had a hand in killing 168 people in Oklahoma City.

"There are some guys who were kicked out who think they are God's gift to the military and are mad at the world now."

•

Before he joined the army, Tim McVeigh saved $7000 to buy a 4ha plot of land outside Buffalo (New York). With friends, he took his favourite guns to the plot for weekend shooting sprees. Neighbours complained that these sounded like a battle zone. During the week, McVeigh worked as an armoured car guard, where he got into trouble for wearing bandoliers of bullets across his chest. Two months after his 20th birthday in May 1988, McVeigh enlisted for a three year hitch in the army. As a gung-ho infantryman, he would be encouraged to explore and expand his gun fetish – without such civilian limitations as ornery bosses and neighbours.

After three months of training at Fort Benning (Georgia), McVeigh was assigned to the Second Brigade of the 16th Infantry Division, a mechanised infantry unit at Fort Riley (Kansas). His outfit was known as the 2/16, or by its nickname, the Dagger Brigade.

The blue-eyed, brown-haired McVeigh appeared to be the studious type. "He didn't cuss, didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't chew tobacco, he didn't go out with us," says Marion "Fritz" Curnutte, a fellow soldier at Fort Riley. "He just stayed in the barracks and read his covert operations books and *Soldier Of Fortune*."

Franklin Whiddon, a military colleague, remembers McVeigh for his enthusiasm. "When we chanted 'Kill, kill, kill, blood makes the grass grow,' his voice was the loudest."

The men were assigned to work with armoured troop carriers, and McVeigh immediately volunteered to run the guns. While his colleagues were still learning the mechanics of the M16, McVeigh had already mastered that and three other weapons: a high calibre machine gun, a precision missile system and a 25mm cannon. His marksmanship was unparalleled. "What he targeted, he killed," says James Ives, a colleague.

The soldiers of Charley Company were packed 10 to a room in the barracks known as Custer Hill at Fort Riley. According to internal audits Fort Riley was consistently rated as having among the worst morale of any army installation. Coverdale, who lost two nephews in the Oklahoma bombing, was a public affairs officer at Fort Riley. He also said that the Dagger Brigade might well be renamed Renegade Brigade for its number of racial complaints and recent shootings and suicides. When Coverdale discovered that McVeigh was a former soldier with 2/16, a rage burned inside.

"There was a major who was an arsonist – twice he burned down barracks – and he wasn't disciplined," says Coverdale, now a high school teacher in Junction City (Kansas). "What happens if that guy, who is now in the civilian world, sets fire to somebody's house and burns up somebody's kids? It may never happen, but a guy who committed a criminal offence was released back into society without even a slap on the wrist. So why shouldn't he think it's all right for him to do it again?"

Coverdale predicted more vicious consequences from the military budget cuts that forced tens of thousands of soldiers back into civilian society. "There are some guys who were kicked out who think they are God's gift to the military and are mad at the world now. They are prime recruits for militia organisations – which, by the way, look for new members on post. The drawdown creates frustrated, hostile people."

In March 1990 McVeigh was promoted to corporal and, along with a group of his peers, was invited to participate in a three month Bradley training course at Fort Riley. Now he could practise on the live fire range, aiming TOW missiles at plywood targets. In a 25mm cannon course, McVeigh was taught about the different explosives used to blow up tanks or destroy small bunkers. Special weapons – especially the TOW missile – were becoming his specialty.

McVeigh seemed to socialise with guns more than people, and he never had much of a way with women. Not one soldier could remember McVeigh's having a date or a female friend in his three and a half years in the army. He wasn't gay, they say, he was just awkward.

By the summer of 1990 McVeigh was the pride of the infantrymen on the battlefield. But back in the barracks, he was a miserly entrepreneur who ran a loan sharking operation. When other soldiers in Charley Company blew their cash on lap dances or pitchers of beer at strip joints, they had two options: the row of pawnshops just outside the Fort Riley gate, or a loan from McVeigh. When payday came, McVeigh opened his accountant's book and sought out the men who now owed him money. He also ran a gun business, showing pictures of weapons and procuring them for his buyers. He carried a small arsenal under the seat of his car, in the glove compartment and in the boot. He was rarely separated from a black Glock semi-automatic pistol, which he usually tucked into his pants at the small of his back.

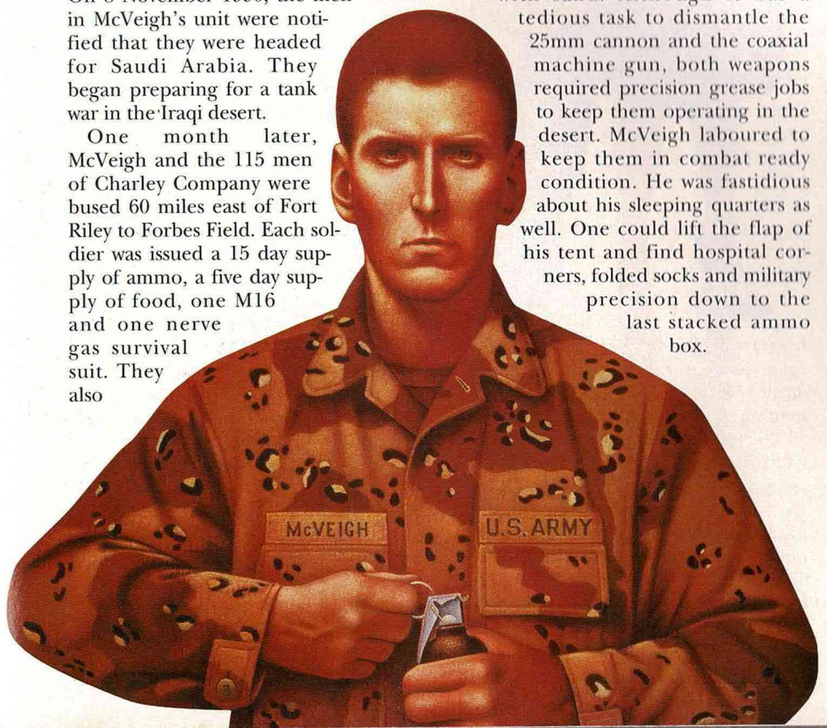
In 1990, as McVeigh finished his Bradley course, he re-enlisted. He was aiming for a long career in the military, with retirement sometime around 2023. On 8 November 1990, the men in McVeigh's unit were notified that they were headed for Saudi Arabia. They began preparing for a tank war in the Iraqi desert.

One month later, McVeigh and the 115 men of Charley Company were bused 60 miles east of Fort Riley to Forbes Field. Each soldier was issued a 15 day supply of ammo, a five day supply of food, one M16 and one nerve gas survival suit. They also received anti-nerve gas injection kits, which they stored inside their chemical warfare masks. Each packet held six injectors, which were activated by jamming the cartridge against one's thigh and squeezing tightly until a one inch needle popped out and delivered the serum. According to one widely circulated story, a Fort Riley soldier who was sleeping on his gas mask accidentally detonated the needle into the back of his neck, killing him instantly. The Pentagon disavowed the incident, but the collective fears of 500,000 green troops would not be so easily quashed.

When the vehicles arrived in Saudi Arabia, McVeigh was given a Bradley that had been rushed off the assembly line in San Jose (California). Inside the vehicle, the governor that limited its top speed was removed and the end caps came off the TOW missiles. Now the driver Jason Smith could manœuvre the Bradley at over 100km/h and McVeigh could fire guided missiles at live targets rather than the plywood mock-ups back at Fort Riley.

Colleagues say that McVeigh was neither aggressive nor bloodthirsty as their dates with combat neared. He did, however, volunteer for extra work so often that they joked he would have signed up for an extra dose of the feared Desert Storm vaccine. While other soldiers played cards and shared meals, McVeigh could usually be found holed up in his Bradley turret for hours at a time, eating alone and showing his colleagues only the back of a grey fibreglass swivel seat.

McVeigh's battles had already begun. His first adversary was the desert wind, which threatened to foul his weapons with sand. Although it was a tedious task to dismantle the 25mm cannon and the coaxial machine gun, both weapons required precision grease jobs to keep them operating in the desert. McVeigh laboured to keep them in combat ready condition. He was fastidious about his sleeping quarters as well. One could lift the flap of his tent and find hospital corners, folded socks and military precision down to the last stacked ammo box.



McVeigh knew that his Bradley Fighting Vehicle was a virgin war toy. The only hits it had taken were press reports claiming the aluminium troop transport was a gold plated coffin. In the Iraqi desert, the million dollar vehicle would finally face enemy fire.

"They told us that if the hatches were closed and we took a direct hit – even if the shell didn't strike anybody – the pressure alone would blow us up," explains Troy Charles, a Bradley driver in Charley Company. "It's kind of like an unopened Coke bottle, you know, when you shoot it with a rifle? We were the Coke. We were actually told that the life expectancy on the battlefield for an infantryman was 13 seconds. We had to live with those kinds of figures."

On February 1, McVeigh was promoted to sergeant, his fourth promotion in less than three years. The young soldier was proud that he would go to war an officer. His colleagues were less interested in his rank than in his ability to precisely lob cannon shells 2000 metres across the desert. McVeigh had received an Army Commendation Medal for his marksmanship. On the Bradley qualification test he racked up a perfect score.

As sergeant, McVeigh was the deputy commander inside the vehicle. By military protocol, he was subordinate to Jesus Rodriguez, a lieutenant in the same vehicle. In reality McVeigh ran the vehicle, attended the war briefings and reviewed the battle plans. According to other men in the vehicle, Rodriguez was a poorly regarded lifer who was unable to unite the troops.

"We survived in spite of Rodriguez," says Sheffield Anderson. "McVeigh was a calming force in the vehicle."

By the middle of February, the air war was rattling to an end and the artillery had taken up shelling Iraqi trenches with cluster bombs. The Apache helicopter pilots practised on Nintendo Game Boys, and infantrymen trucked their tanks to the front. McVeigh arrived at King Khalid Military City on February 12, then headed north to the border. The troops were having live fire practice, sighting their weapons and adjusting for the terrain.

On February 22, orders finally came to bust the Iraqi lines. The offensive would begin in 48 hours. McVeigh and his comrades would be in front as American forces attempted to break the Iraqi lines. Some soldiers tied Rambo-style bandannas on their heads. But McVeigh would go to war in strict military uniform, close-cropped and intent.

The night before battle, his carefully controlled emotions unravelled a bit during a conversation with Anderson, who is now a prison guard in Florida. "We were in the desert, sleeping in the

"But I don't think it's supposed to make you horny."

Terrifying

sand, and he really thought we were going to die," recounts Anderson. "He was most frightened that we would be killed by our own helicopters or tanks." Indeed the original battle plan had the troops advancing on foot, which would have caused many casualties.

When the order came to storm forward, the Bradley gunners protecting the tank operation were instructed to "take no prisoners" and open up on the trenches "as fast and as hard as possible", according to Robin Littleton, a gunner in McVeigh's platoon. But first they bombed the Iraqi positions a final time.

"Even before we attacked the trenches we brought all the artillery up on line and pounded them," remembers Jeff Coverdale. "We were watching all this, saying no one can live through that."

"The Iraqis fought back for a while until they figured out what was happening," recounts Littleton. "They saw it all coming. The M1 with the ploughs was burying people alive. They said 'Jesus, fuck this' or 'Mohammed' or whatever and started jumping out of the trenches."

From inside the turret, McVeigh, like the other three gunners in his platoon, spent two full days riveted to the screens, deciphering the squawk of two radios and blasting away. Thick smoke from burning oil wells, incinerated vehicles and grenades posed no problems for the talented gunner. With his integrated sight unit he could fight and fire under the worst conditions. The combat high, they later said, is like no other.

"It was fucking ridiculous," says Littleton, the gunner, who listened to the Jerry Garcia *Cats Under The Sun* album during the turkey shoot massacre. "I joined the army because I was on the wrong road and wanted a little money for college. Not to kill people. You would be riding the trench line and there would be 1500 people running around. You were getting only 300 shots a minute from the 25mm cannon, so you went to the coaxial machine gun and had 1000 rounds a minute."

When McVeigh's platoon spotted an Iraqi vehicle that had miraculously survived the stealth bomber, artillery fire and the helicopters, all the gunners were eager to have the first shot. The honour went to McVeigh. With half the platoon watching, he launched a missile and destroyed the vehicle. No one was surprised.

"He was a good shot," says Anderson. "I remember when he shot an Iraqi from 300 or 400 yards. He took the guy's head off with a cannon shell, which you're really not supposed to do. I remember that he was very pleased."

Larry Frame was following behind McVeigh's Bradley when the incident occurred. "I saw him blow up a position that had probably three or four guys in it," Frame says. "And afterward he showed no remorse. He screamed and yelled like he had really done something. The guys he shot at were trying to give up."

Regier, who was outside the vehicle at the time, also remembers the incident. "Some were trying to surrender, but they were all in a bunch, and others were still firing. He probably should have used a smaller calibre weapon. The Geneva Convention says you're not supposed to use those weapons on people.

"Right weapon or wrong, everybody agreed it was a great shot."

When the men of Charley Company finally stopped firing and ploughing long enough to take a head count, they were astounded. Not one of them had died. Four or five had been injured, several seriously burned, but considering the projected 70 per cent kill rate, it was nothing short of what one soldier called "a fucking miracle". Their sister unit was not so fortunate. Three soldiers in the 5/16 died and one was blinded when they stepped on cluster bombs fired into Iraqi-held territory by American artillery. As the American forces advanced, they inevitably came upon unexploded ordnance. The 33 ton Bradleys rolled over the bombs with ease, but against "soft targets" like infantrymen, our own cluster bombs were terrifyingly effective.

"He thought the United Nations let him down. He believed our government had stopped short of what it needed to do."

The temporary cease-fire ordered by President Bush on February 28 caught the soldiers by surprise. Contingency plans had been rehearsed to occupy southern Iraq and invade Baghdad, but apparently the White House was worried about extending the carnage. The mission was over, Kuwait had been returned to the sheikhs and Iraq had lost another generation of young men.

American soldiers in the desert were baffled as the US urged Shiite and Kurdish groups to overthrow Saddam Hussein, then watched mutely as the designated revolutionaries were mowed down by helicopter gunships. They could watch but not act as Iraqi army trucks loaded tanks and war supplies and drove them north to Baghdad.

Still, most of the troops celebrated the surprise cease-fire – with the exception of McVeigh. He was bemoaning the abrupt orders, which had eliminated the second part of Charley Company's mission: to occupy Basra inside Iraq. "McVeigh was upset that we didn't go all the way," said Littleton. "He thought the United Nations let him down. He believed that our government had stopped short of what it needed to do. We felt empty. It was almost worthless to leave Hussein in power and capable of that much destruction and evil."

Charley Company was dispatched to an Iraqi airstrip known as Safwan, where the allied command would hold the cease-fire meeting with Iraqi military. For several days they guarded the biggest sitting duck of all, General Norman Schwarzkopf. McVeigh and his comrades hastily unloaded 18 Chinook helicopters and set to work: a tent city arose from the desert. A gauntlet of tanks was prepared to provide an intimidating welcome for the Iraqis.

While infantrymen Regier and Anderson wandered the peace talks gawking at Iraqi generals, Jason Smith, the driver, and McVeigh, the gunner, were on the ready, scanning the perimeter for an unlikely Iraqi kamikaze attack.

After the details of a permanent cease-fire were agreed upon, Charley Company was sent farther north into an isolated Iraqi desert town. For several weeks the company holed up in a city park, manning checkpoints and watching a family across the street try to salvage an emaciated herd of goats.

McVeigh's spirits lifted when he was selected for a coveted try-out with the Special Forces. If he passed the 21 day Special Forces assessment and selection course at Fort Bragg (North Carolina), McVeigh could become a commando. A standard 12 man Special Forces squad has six pairs of specialists, including those in communications, medical and weapons. McVeigh's specialty was weapons, and in preparation for the course he had studied special operations manuals in the barracks and marched around post with extra equipment. As a Green Beret, McVeigh would work with claymore mines, plastic explosives, 1000 rounds of ammunition and special hand-to-hand combat survival training. His missions would take him behind enemy lines or to the School of the Americas, where he would train foreign armies.

McVeigh also dreamed of becoming a prototype for the Special Forces Digitised Dismounted Battle Lab Soldier – a fusion of man and machine gun. With laser beams to blind enemy troops, night vision equipment to target them

(continued on page 111)

A GROWTH INDUSTRY

Does size really matter? It certainly does to Dr Melvyn Rosenstein, the king of the penis extension – man's eternal desire for that "little bit extra" has made the California urologist a very rich man. Simon Hollington visits the doctor to compare, er, notes . . .

Most men might be reluctant to admit it, but the truth is we all have moments of doubt about our "assets". When, for example, a sneaky sideways glance in the shower reveals that the guy standing next to you is built like a stallion, male confidence can go into free fall. But what happens to our prowess when what used to be the average sized penis becomes the odd one out? That fellow in the shower with his floor-scraping elephant's trunk of manhood – is it entirely as nature intended, or are those extra centimetres the result of a deft bit of plastic surgery?

The length of the average erect penis is 15cm. However, penis extensions – achieving up ⏵

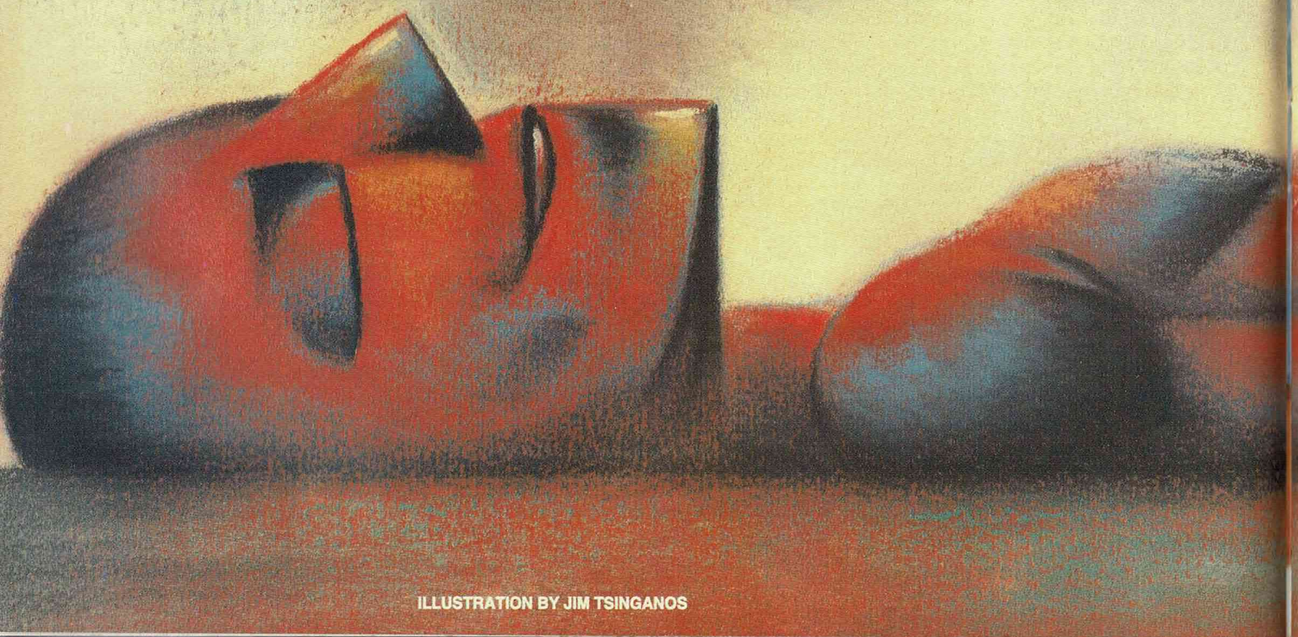


ILLUSTRATION BY JIM TSINGANOS

A GROWTH INDUSTRY

to 23cm in the flaccid state – are the fastest growing area of cosmetic surgery. So in demand are they that high speed enhancement clinics are opening up around the world, in the same way that hair replacement clinics have proliferated.

Dr Melvyn Rosenstein, a 54-year-old urologist, is America's number one penis extender. He claims to have perfected the difficult and controversial art of seamless penis widening and extension, and testicle enhancement. So much so that his clinic in Culver City (California) receives over 2000 calls a day and has a five month waiting list.

"I've probably seen more penises than any other individual, perhaps in the history of the world," says Dr Rosenstein. The twinkle in his eye might be explained by the fact that each 40 minute penis-pull he performs brings in $US5900 ($A8000). With six operations daily – and a total of more than 4000 undertaken to date – the good doctor's millions are beginning to stack up rather, well, *erectly*.

But how will the ordinary, average, happy-go-lucky guy who is content with his lot be affected when he sees someone who has had the operation? Will we all have to have penis extensions just to keep up? "No," asserts Rosenstein. "It's simply a question of an individual's perception – reality has nothing to do with it. For some people size is not an issue; it simply doesn't bother them."

It's the same with noses and breasts, says the doc. "How do you convince someone that their nose is perfectly fine, or a woman that her breasts are normal? They've been looking at their appendages all their life and finding them wanting. Nothing will stop them having the operation."

To date around two million women have had breast implants. Dr Rosenstein believes that the demand for penis enlargements is even greater. Moreover, the operation is much less risky. "There's no silicone involved – we are using the patient's own fat." But although the surgical procedure lasts only 40 minutes, recovery can take a painful – and celibate – month.

The demand for enhancement comes from men from all walks of life and all ethnic backgrounds. Rosenstein's patients' ages range from 16 to 78. And, as a matter of interest, the largest penis Dr Rosenstein has seen to date was 40cm long – and was on a Caucasian.

"Ethnically there is little difference in the male member," he says. When you've seen one . . . As a practising urologist for more than 20 years, Dr Rosenstein used to come across some cases of microphallus – men with undersized penises. But he met many more who simply perceived themselves to be too small.

"In those days, we used to pat them on the head and send them off to the psychiatrist. These guys have always existed. But I felt very dissatisfied with having to just try to talk them out of the idea that they were small. In fact, when we started performing enhancement operations we used to send them off to the psychiatrist first as a matter of course. Until one day he phoned up and said I was wasting the customer's money and his time, because in 40 minutes I could alter what he might take years to change."

"It was a super porno movie, Frank. Let's not spoil it."

Some doctors, however, question the need for penis extension operations, as well as the aggressive marketing techniques used by certain clinics. There are also dangerous, unlicensed practitioners – like the one in Mexico who used silicone, resulting in distorted penis shapes. In one case, the victim ended up with a Z-shaped erection.

God's secret little gift to man is the telescopic part of the penis, around 7.5cm of "free" extra organ – a third of its total length – which extends inside the body to the pubic bone. The operation releases it like a spring.

"We have had to correct a lot of distortions by inept practitioners," Dr Rosenstein explains. "I've seen penises implanted with precious stones, which in the East is supposed to enhance virility, as well as some implanted with ivory or bone ridges – a Japanese aid to stimulation."

Many men must wonder why anyone would go to the lengths of having purely cosmetic surgery on their most delicate organ, and question whether insecurity about penis size is in fact a cover for a deeper psychological problem.

"The only purpose of the enlargement operations is to alter a perceived deficiency in body image," says Dr Perry Nadig, clinical professor of urological surgery at the University of Texas. "If your ears don't match, there may be a good reason for surgery. But for something that lurks out of sight most of the time, what are they doing it for? These men need psychotherapy, not surgery."

Dr Rosenstein, though, has absolutely no qualms about his work. "I am still in touch with my first patients, and there have been no side effects. You could put a guy on a couch for years and not do much for his perception of himself. This work is fabulous, the patients are so thankful. When I worked in cancer surgery, nobody said thank you. Now I get letters and presents – all sorts of positive feedback.

"In so many cases, male levels of self-esteem and confidence are completely altered. We've all seen guys who wrap towels around their waists before they take their underwear off and who face the shower rather than their fellow man, avoiding at all costs showing their penis. Sometimes, an offhand comment by a classmate or a girlfriend or colleague can result in a lot of unhappiness in adulthood."

God's secret little gift to man is the telescopic part of the penis, around 7.5cm of "free" extra organ – a third of its total length – which extends inside the body to the pubic bone. By cutting the ligaments attached to this buried extension, Dr Rosenstein's operation releases it like a spring, adding 2.5-5cm to the flaccid state of the penis. "I adapted the techniques of microphallus surgery," explains the doctor, "along with the techniques of fat transplantation. After about 18 operations, I had perfected the procedure."

Rosenstein does, he says, thoroughly screen his patients before undertaking surgery. "I tell them they should consult with their other significant half, and that a penis extension does not enhance lovemaking, and then I take them through the procedure."

Using an $US18,000 ($A24,000) high tech liposuction device that he designed himself, Dr Rosenstein first removes 40-60cc of fat cells from the patient's body – often from the "love handles" around the belly, thus killing two birds with one stone. This fat is then injected into the penis to give it girth. Testicle enhancement follows a similar procedure of fat input. Then comes the cutting of ligaments to achieve the actual extension itself. The operation leaves a small scar, and sometimes there is the need for what Rosenstein calls "touch-up surgery" to treat such complications as unevenness or hardened fatty tissue that has to be ironed out.

In 90 per cent of cases, says Dr Rosenstein, the customer gets what he wants. And, presumably, is at last able to strut with head erect around the locker room like a peacock with a new set of feathers – if that is the point. However, in a small percentage of cases customers choose to have the operation reversed, because – as Dr Rosenstein puts it – "their perception of self had changed too much". Unlike women, who are happy to reveal that they have had breast implants, men almost never mention the fact that they have had a penis extension.

"I was very sceptical at first," says John, a 28-year-old firefighter, who had the operation in 1994, after seeing Rosenstein's advertisement. "After all, I only have one [*penis*]. But it has made a huge difference in my whole overall attitude, I feel so confident now."

John's "equipment" has been increased in length by about 4.5cm, and widened by about 40 per cent. "It may sound ridiculous, but it has done wonders for my mind. Size matters – it's a guy thing. And it's working just fine, thank you."

George is awaiting his turn for the op – but trying not to think about the procedure of having his member split like a banana, stuffed like a sausage and pumped up like an inner tube. "I'm concentrating on the end result," he says.

George is a model. The days of sticking a banana down the trousers *à la* Tom Jones are presumably over at last for sex symbol stars, now that they can pop along for an extension. A real bonus for porn stars, especially: reputedly, around 40 big names have had the op. "I always wondered about that Tom Jones thing," says George. "But who wants a soggy banana when you can have the real thing.

"I model swimwear," he continues. "In fact, in my flaccid state I am very tiny. I found I was becoming horribly aware of my little inadequacy when I went before the cameras. I'm sure this is going to help. The doctor tells me that it is not my imagination, as I am rather small in the limp state. I can see no difference between this kind of operation and any other kind of cosmetic surgery."

Having had six children, Maria explains how she was missing the "tightness" of her younger days, but that the enhancement that her husband has undergone has given their lovemaking a boost. "That old urgency of youth is back," she confides. "You know the old saying that happiness is a tight pussy? Well, if you can't tighten your pussy, the next best thing . . ."

And talking of clichés: do men buy smaller cars after they get bigger willies? "Yes," admits Dr Rosenstein. "The penis is funny, sex is hysterical. I have had to take a fair amount of joshing concerning my profession from my friends. You can imagine those 'So, what do you do for a living?' conversations with strangers at cocktail parties. But just remember," reminds Rosenstein, "for these guys [*his patients*] it is a life-altering issue."

A guy thing, then – although 20 per cent of enquiries come from women. One eager female partner went as far as to stick Dr Rosenstein's advertisement on their refrigerator door.

In his plush offices, Dr Rosenstein keeps a "before" and "after" photograph of each penis, and there are catalogues scattered around like family photo albums. His shelves are crammed with phallic memorabilia from grateful patients. On his desk, pride of place is given to an impressive, solid gold ruler – presumably the measure of his success.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Driving: Miss Donna

IF YOU'RE *REALLY* LUCKY YOU'LL GET OUR PLAYMATE AS YOUR LIMOUSINE DRIVER ONE DAY!

Imagine the scene. You arrive at the airport and scan the lounge for your ride to the hotel. Standing there holding a cardboard sign with your name on it is Miss December, Donna D'Errico. Don't laugh – it could happen to you.

Donna, you see, has her own limousine company, and one night a week a rider might find the owner herself behind the wheel of a 1992 black stretch limo. Donna is not the sort to take her customers lightly. One former passenger became her boyfriend and business partner.

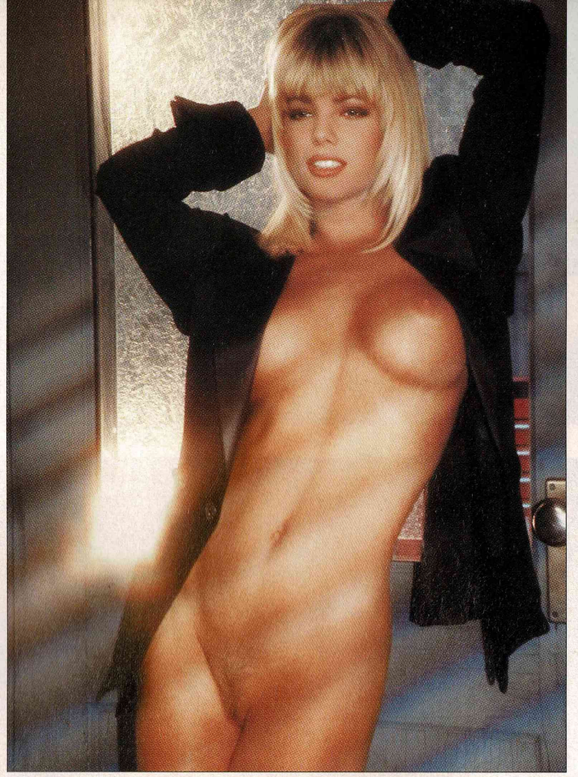
Before being seduced by the glitz and glamour of the big city three years ago, Donna managed a jewellery store in her small home town. Donna's parents and older sister Mary, who still live there, support her decision to become a Playmate. "Mary has always been my best friend. She was very excited. My mum was thrilled, too. She said, 'Don't they run pictures of women over 40 in *Playboy*? Maybe they'll want me to pose." Donna expects that her

Playmate appearance will surprise other folks back home, particularly the boys who attended high school with her. "I know this is a cliché, but as a teenager I always felt like an ugly duckling. Now," she says with mock vanity, "I'm definitely a swan."

Since moving to the city, Donna has developed a passion for baccarat. But she limits her time in casinos because she fears she could fall victim to gambling fever. So it's fitting that her lucky break came not in a casino but in a grocery store, where she was spotted by a *Playboy* talent scout. "It never would have occurred to me to pose," she says.

One thing that has occurred to her is a fantasy of making love on a baccarat table in a crowded casino. "It would be neat to see if I could stop all the noise and excitement – bring everything to a

Limos and lovemaking seem to go hand in hand. Donna recalls one couple who took the plunge while she was driving. "I could feel the car rocking. The partition is tinted, but I could make out their shapes." Despite the wild ride, they gave her an average tip. Donna confesses that she, too, has tested out the limo. "But since I own it, that took a little something away from the experience. It was a bit like having sex in the back seat of your car."



halt for a moment." Donna also confesses to being an adventurous dreamer – she never knows who she'll meet once her head hits the pillow. Once she dreamed of being assigned the same hotel room as *Home Improvement*'s Tim Allen. On another night she was seduced by the US president, Bill Clinton, aboard a train. What about Hillary? "Well, I wasn't thinking about her," she says.

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
No U-Turns
Donna D'Errico

NAME
Donna D'Errico

BUST
85cm (34"C)

WAIST
53cm (22")

HIPS
85cm (34")

HEIGHT
165cm (5'5")

WEIGHT
50kg

DATE OF BIRTH
30.3.68

STAR SIGN
Aries

TURN-ONS
Men with foreign accents, rainy nights, sharing an ice cream on a hot day, secret admirers

TURN-OFFS
Guys in speedos who should be wearing boxers, gorilla backs, people who talk behind other people's backs, overly jealous people

MY FAVOURITE THINGS
Chocolate, hitting it big in the casinos, Cristal champagne, yellow roses

DREAM GETAWAY
Being snowbound in a deserted log cabin, sipping wine before a cosy fire-place and snuggling up with someone special

RULES TO LIVE BY
Don't dwell on your mistakes – learn from them. Set goals, but don't let them control your life. Always tip your limo driver!

PARTY JOKES

A man ordered four expensive 30-year-old single malts and had the bartender line them up in front of him. Then, without pausing, he downed each one.

"Whew," the barkeep remarked, "you seem to be in a hurry."

"You would be too if you had what I have."

"What do you have?" the bartender asked sympathetically.

"Fifty cents."

Playboy classic: After a heavy necking session ended short of consummation, the young man's date told him he would be welcome to come over the following Sunday when her parents would be at church. "Only this time," she said with a grin, "bring condoms."

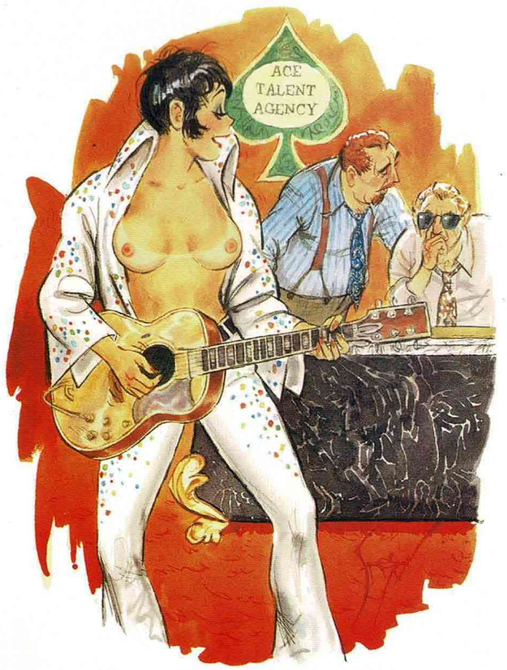
In anticipation, the fellow stopped at the local chemist's on his way home and asked the pharmacist to give him the best condoms on the market.

Early Sunday, he headed to the girl's house and rang the bell. Her father opened the door and glared long and hard before admitting him.

When the time came for the parents to leave for church, the young man asked if he could join them. His surprised girlfriend whispered, "Since when are you a churchgoer?"

"Since when is your dad a pharmacist?"

The Irishman was always getting into brawls. His wife decided to put a stop to it the night he came home with a black eye, swollen lip and a few missing teeth.



"Her Elvis impression's never going to fool anybody, Maury. But what the hell."

"What's happening on the Internet that can't wait until tomorrow?"

"All right, who was it this time?" she asked.

"Oh, me and O'Leary had a few words, that's all."

"O'Leary?" she shrieked. "You mean to stand there and tell me a weak, snivelling little pipsqueak like O'Leary did all that to you?"

"Now, now, love," he said. "It ain't nice to speak ill of the dead."

While at dinner, a man struck up a conversation with a woman in the dining car of a cross-country train. Both, it turned out, were married and both were travelling on business.

Following several after-dinner drinks, the woman confessed that she was sure her skirt-chasing husband would be unfaithful while she was away. The man admitted he had a similar fear about his wife. "Since we are in the same situation," the man suggested with an eager gleam in his eye, "perhaps we could exact revenge together."

Without another word, the two made their way to his sleeping compartment, where their partners' adultery was passionately avenged.

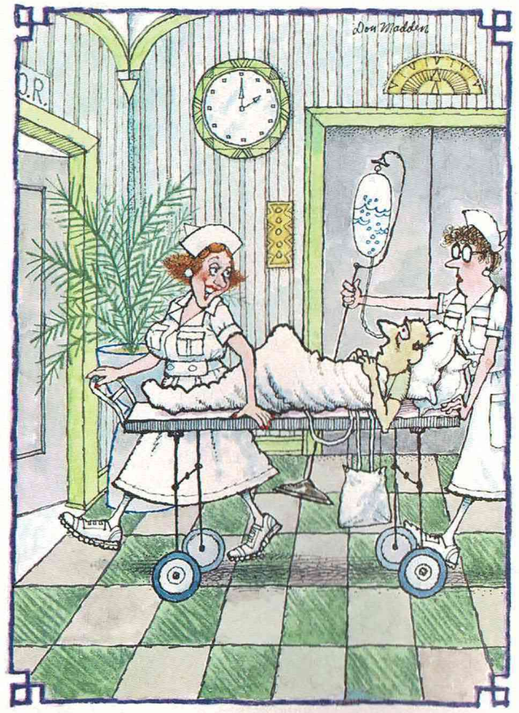
The two lay still for several minutes afterward, then as her lover turned over to sleep, the woman whispered, "How about one more act of revenge?"

"Sorry," he yawned, "I've already forgiven my wife."

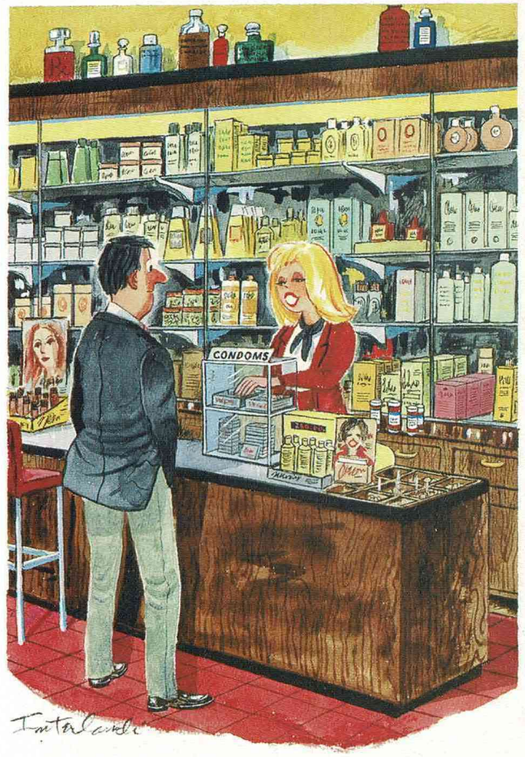
A sharebroker came home unexpectedly one afternoon and found his wife in bed with a handsome young man. The husband's face reddened. "How are you going to explain this?" he exploded.

"It's simple," his wife calmly replied. "I've gone public."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to the Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Rest assured, Mr Klempf, the operation was a complete success. We're just popping back to surgery because Doctor can't find his Rolex."



"You can put that away. One size fits all."

"I can't be the world's worst lover. That would be too much of a coincidence."

"I've read every one of your books, Miss Luvlow. I wonder if you'd allow me to cop a cheap feel?"

Apocalypse Climax

What happened when the world's leading pornographers tried to shoot a big budget hardcore movie on location in the Philippines

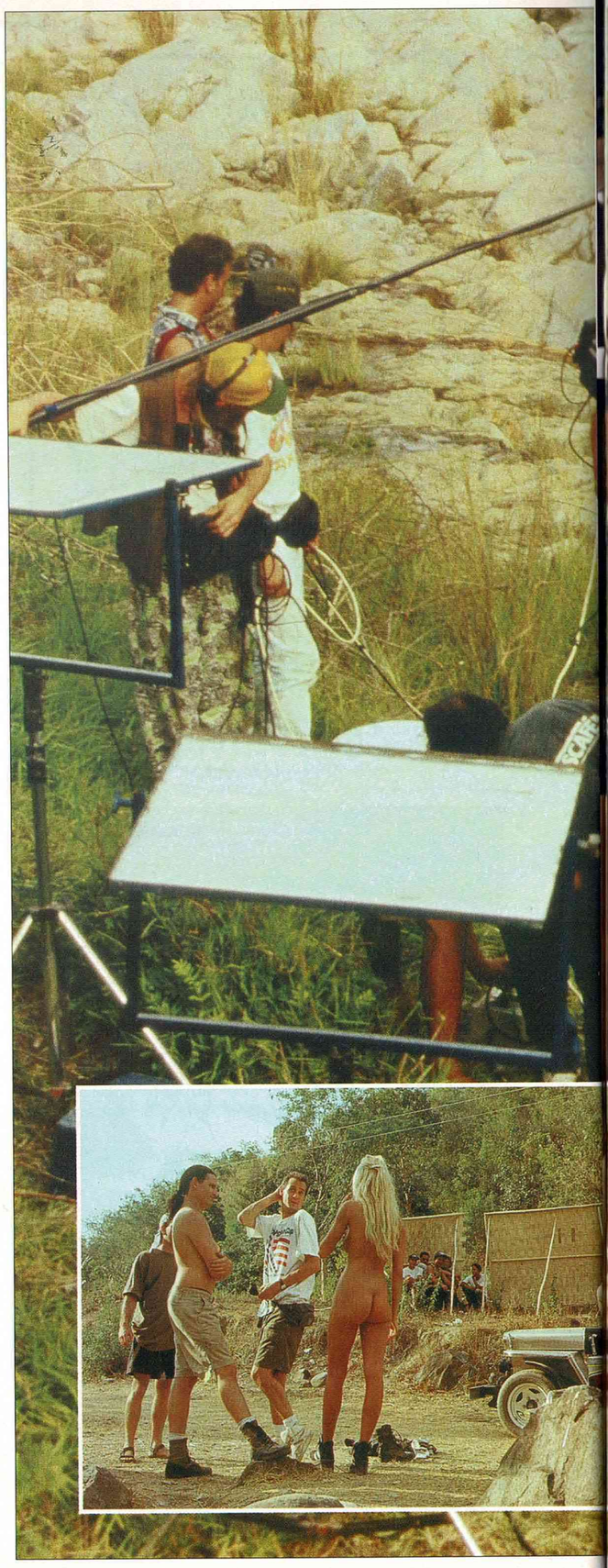
By Clifford Cremer

The air vibrates with heat as the piously named coach, *Christian Express*, enters the dusty river resort in northern Luzon, the Philippines. A crowd of curious locals is already awaiting it, cheap cameras in hand. As the golden locks of one of the female occupants become visible, some start to howl and clap. The owner of the curls replies with a faint smile.

A barrier is lifted and the *Christian Express* passes through. However, as the coach unloads its human cargo, neither the Pope nor Mother Teresa emerges. Instead, a motley crew of blonde Swedish babyfaces, American white trash and tarty Hungarian models swarm into the compound. These passengers are definitely not on a pilgrimage; instead, for the next three weeks, the bus is at the disposal of the Swedish porn company Private.

In its continuing hunt for unusual locations, the company has decided to shoot two hardcore films in, of all places, the Philippines. Here in Ilocos-Norte, hotbed of Marcos supporters and Jesus freaks, the films *Arrowhead* and *Apocalypse Climax* are about to be realised under the guidance of Swedish producer Peter Backman.

Although pornography is strictly forbidden in the most Catholic country in the world, the shooting should take place without too much hassle. The mayor and the entire police force of the nearby village have been bribed, and the film authorities in Manila amply provid-



apocalypse climax

ed for as well. And Backman has hired about 20 guards to keep curious onlookers at a distance. For, despite all the bribes, the porn operation has to be executed discreetly.

Arrowhead is the first big feature for 27-year-old French director François Clousot. He has worked for Private before, but this is his "serious" debut. Together with *Apocalypse Climax*, the film has to set a new standard in the world of adult movies. Private plans the two productions as "normal" action films – with a high dose of hardcore pornography thrown in, but in which the story is not simply an excuse for the sex.

More than 80 people have been hired for the production, and the budget is a comfortable $US700,000 ($A1m) – unprecedented for a porn flick.

Special effects specialists will take care of explosions, car chases and other stunts, while extras, boats and helicopters will be hired as well. Everything is being shot in digital video and audio – another porn first.

The "talents" – technical jargon for porn actors and actresses – have been flown in from the US and Hungary. The technical crew is mainly American, "runners" and make-up girls Swedish. All the acting is to be done by the Americans, most notably by well known porn star John Dough, 32. The Hungarian models speak little or no English, and so will hardly open their mouths in the coming weeks. At least, not to talk.

Arrowhead was scripted by Clousot. It is about four girls who make a river trip. One gets raped by a boy making a jungle trek with his brother and two friends. She then kills him with a crossbow, after which the rapist's brother and friends seek revenge. A chase through the jungle and up the river ensues – interspersed of course with the much needed sex scenes.

By the third shooting day, it is clear that the Private crew is not going to get the privacy it expected. Although the whole resort, normally used by families for a picnics and swimming, has been hired for the duration, yesterday dozens of curious daytrippers got in.

Most were sent away by the guards, but some managed to ooze through to the set – just as an American model was being sandwiched between two Hungarians. Their eyes must have bulged out of their sockets. The Filipino drums work faultlessly and fast, and from today on the set excites a warm interest from the locals.

Scene 32, take one. John Dough, Damien Michaels, 42, and "All American Boy" Frank Towers, 23, are standing on the rocks near the river, peering into the distance, crossbows in hand. Clousot sits on his crane behind the camera, a few metres above the ground and about 10 metres from the actors. Little remains of the original script when the Americans say their lines – every third word has become "fucking".

The result is clear: if the mayor has to leave again without witnessing some live sex, permission to shoot will be withdrawn immediately.

"Fuck you, man, they killed fucking John! I say we get the fucking bitches now and fuck them, then we fucking kill them!" After about five takes, Clousot yells, "It's a wrap!" Talents and crew withdraw to a small bungalow to watch the scenes they have just shot.

Twilight. In a clearing in the woods near the river, scene 46 is to be shot, in which Frank Towers catches up with two of the girls. A campfire is lit and the lighting arranged. Within 10 minutes the dusk changes to complete darkness.

"Hey, guys, look what I found . . ." Towers walks into the picture, dragging two camouflage-clad models. The girls, both heavily made-up, are pushed to the ground, and Dough screams his lines into the face of Anita Kelly, 18, a golden-haired model from Budapest. Kelly is visibly frightened. "Cut!" yells Clousot. Reassuringly, he explains to the girl – via her boyfriend-interpreter – that Dough is only acting, and she doesn't have to be scared of him. To his great surprise, Kelly says that she's acting as well. Nobody had expected that. The take continues.

"We might as well have some fun with them tonight . . ." Towers says, with a huge grin on his face.

"Cut!" screams Clousot. "Okay, girls, when the boys lower their pants, you resist. But not too much . . ." They obey. When Dough, Towers and Michaels start to touch the models all over, they turn away in disapproval. Then the three men lower their trousers. For a moment the girls still look angry, then all "resistance" ceases. With a keen glance, both female talents throw themselves onto their "rapists". The script says, "Follows a romantic exchange until . . . climax."

Rapidly the five talents are entangled in a steamy sex scene. Laura Palmer is busy with John Dough, while Kelly is working out with Towers and Michaels. It's very hot. Every five minutes the shoot has to be stopped to work on the make-up, or because water, tissues and lubrication are needed.

The instant the camera stops, so do the moaning and groaning, and the assumed positions break up. During these short breaks the talents, who were having steaming hot sex only a few seconds before, don't even look at one another. Anita Kelly walks to her boyfriend, who is sitting on the edge of the set watching her on the monitor. Kissing and fondling, the two lovebirds sit together for a while, until Kelly – her pants down all the time – has to go back to work.

Meanwhile, the cracking and bustling in the darkness behind the fierce lights become louder and louder. During another break, one of the Swedes turns one of the lights around 180 degrees. In the bright beam, dozens of terrified Filipinos dive for cover, the nearest only a few metres away. The sultry heat is starting to take its toll. The talents, especially the males, are tiring. High time for the "popshot".

First turn is for Michaels and Towers. The camera is put on stand-by as both gentlemen, sweating profusely, masturbate frenetically. Anita Kelly squats between them, looking bored. After five long minutes, one of the men yells, "Start!"

"Rolling," shouts the cameraman, and Kelly comes back to life. With a lustful gaze in her eyes she waits for things to happen. She gets the full load right in her face – twice.

The experienced Kelly looks into the camera, sucking and licking. "Stills!" cries Clousot. The camera swerves to let the set photographer do his work. Quickly, he takes a few close-ups of Kelly's now sticky face. Then it's Palmer's turn. After she gets the full load as well, the tissues are handed out. The lights are put out, and the disappointment from the bushes is almost audible.

Michaels calls to Cramer, "She can't stay like this all the time." "I know," Cramer replies. "So fuck her while we sort out the problem."

A few days later, a convoy of minibuses and cars enters the compound. The guards at the gate don't even attempt to stop them. Grim-looking men emerge from the buses, wearing sunglasses and carrying automatic rifles. One is a Filipino who's present on the set all the time, always standing up front when there are sex scenes being shot. It turns out he's the police chief of the nearby village. The others are bodyguards of the bribed mayor, who is now unexpectedly paying the set a visit – with his whole family and circle of acquaintances in tow.

In a picnic-like atmosphere, at least 80 people – men, women and children – scatter throughout the set. Clousot is not happy: this afternoon an important sex scene has to be shot. With the mayor and his entourage present, it will be impossible. He decides to wait until everybody has left. The mayor, however, seems determined to leave only after he has seen some action.

After an hour, the stalemate is breached, the mayor leaving without result. His bodyguards look aggressive as they climb into the buses. By now it has become too dark to do the scene anyway, and Clousot decides to only shoot some dialogue. His production schedule is now definitely fucked up.

Two nights later, there's a new sex scene near the river. Shooting is well underway when suddenly the whole convoy appears again. The mayor and his cronies get out of their vehicles, but this time the police chief walks directly to Peter Backman. There follows a short discussion. The result is clear: if the mayor has to leave again without witnessing some live sex, permission to shoot will be withdrawn immediately.

There's no option but to continue filming, with the spectators. The lights go on and the naked talents assume their positions. As the mayor sinks contentedly into a chair with a glass of brandy supplied by one of his personal slaves, the professional moaning of the talents rises again above the sound of the wild stream. The mayor's countless family members and bodyguards silently stare, eyes like platters, at what's happening in the spotlights. Holy Virgin! Where's Rambo?

As soon as the last scenes of *Arrowhead* are finished, 29-year-old Nick Cramer becomes the new sheriff in town. The young Swede is completely different from François Clousot. This is his first feature for Private too, but whereas Clousot is an enthusiastic filmmaker, Cramer is a real pornographer. He is a likable ego-tripper – until the moment he starts to direct. Then he transforms into a highly irritating arsehole.

At one point, Damien Michaels and Anita Kelly find themselves "doggy-style" on the hood of a jeep when the camera develops a technical problem. The shoot pauses. Michaels calls to Cramer, "She [*Kelly*] can't stay like this all the time." "I know," Cramer replies. "So fuck her while we sort out the problem."

Cramer has eight days to shoot *Apocalypse Climax*, a film leaning heavily on *Apocalypse Now*. The hero, Captain Shane Willbiehardt – John Dough again – has to find insane Colonel Flurtz, played by American Melissa Hill, in the jungle. Willbiehardt's CV reads like a thrilling boys' book: "Three year tour including frontline duty in Slam Pie and Wham Bam; Purple and Pink Hearts for bravery and stamina, and instrumental in the successful battle on Gang Bang Beach". As soon as he has found Flurtz's hide-out, his mission is to "deflower and terminate the colonel's command. Penetrate . . . with extreme prejudice!"

Cramer contests that his film is a porn parody on the real thing. More than that, it is a tribute to Francis Ford Coppola. But will Mr Coppola ever get to see it?

Cramer gets on with the job, shooting one scene after another. All the stunts, explosions and machine gun fire give the impression that Rambo IV is being made.

The beach where most scenes are shot is packed with people after two days. All the sex scenes now have to be shot in tents, or on strips of beach masked with empty oil drums. The Filipino scenery is nowhere in sight – they could just as well have been shot in a studio.

The beach itself lies in front of a big hotel. The Taiwanese and Japanese tourists staying there will certainly have something to talk about back home. The sounds from the major orgy scene are clearly audible to all the guests. And after each shoot, the Hungarian girls invariably return to the premises perspiring, exhausted and stark naked, with tissues in their hands.

After five days Cramer has to speed things up. Two bamboo cages have been built for an important scene near the

"Then I take it you're not really interested in seeing my etchings?"

apocalypse climax

river resort. In them, Captain Willbiehardt will have sex with his female Vietcong captors. Thanks to a lack of Filipina talents, they are played by the Hungarian girls: albino Vietcong, perhaps?

Like most of the crew, Cramer is blunt and quickly irritated. Everybody seems to hate the Philippines. The talents get ready, and the lighting is put in place.

Today, however, a strange and nervous atmosphere looms over the Filipino crew, especially amongst those from Manila responsible for the weapons and ammunition. Rumour has it that rebels of the New People's Army, a Communist resistance movement, have been watching the set. They have seemingly seen the large amount of real and fake weapons, and are now very interested in them.

The village police have not been seen on set for three days, which clearly shows the other Filipinos that something is wrong. Just before shooting starts, one of the guards approaches Cramer to tell him to clear the set as soon as possible, because the rebels are advancing. The Filipinos with the guns know enough: even before the guard finishes talking, their cars are packed and they speed out of the resort. What follows is complete pandemonium.

Frantically, everybody packs his or her gear and speeds to the *Christian Express.* Whereas normally it takes at least half an hour to get everybody ready, now the bus is virtually stormed by nervous talents and crew. Camera bags, handbags and boxes are flung in through open windows, as everybody hurries to secure a seat.

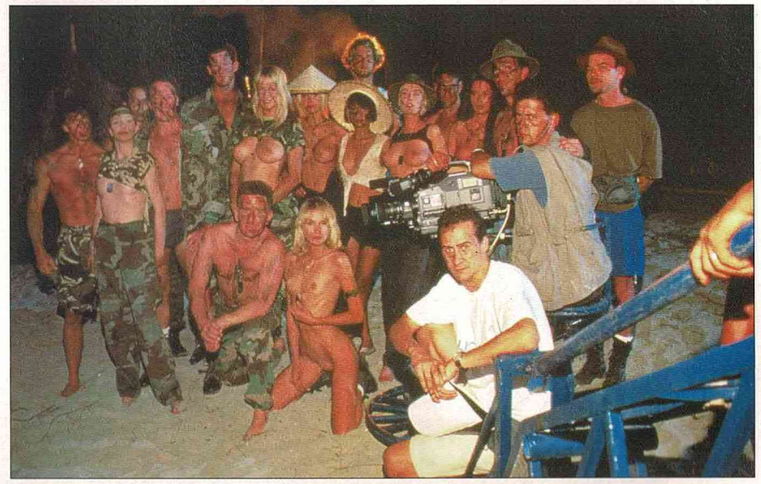
Exactly five minutes after the warning, the *Christian Express,* chock full, is leaving the resort for the last time. The guards don't want to be left behind and desperately climb on top of the roof of the departing bus. The dramatic retreat would do any war movie proud. Frank Towers voices the overall mood among the porn troops when, visibly shaken, he screams to Cramer, "Nick, what's going on? I'm scared!"

Now Cramer's schedule is all messed up. The scenes with the cages are shot in the hotel parking lot. But first new cages have to be built; no one dares go back to the river to retrieve those left behind. The "rebel" story gets more exciting by the minute. The talents are convinced they escaped certain death because the rebels wanted to ambush the bus. It's thought the NPA would have taken hostages for sure. One girl swears she saw rebels with telescopes on the hill slopes.

If phantom rebels are not enough, another rumour starts spreading: that a group of rebellious nuns from a nearby village wanted to torch the river resort at night to expel the "spirit of the devil".

The atmosphere remains tense. Finally, a couple of days later, during a shoot in the jungle, comes a real raid. A caricature wearing sunglasses, a cap and an earplug suddenly walks onto the set, together with four colleagues. He turns out to be a "special agent" of the Movie And Television Review And Classification Board from Manila. Turning to Peter Backman, he announces theatrically, "Mr Backman, you're in serious trouble!"

The shoot has to be stopped, as the special agent explains his task force is under orders to confiscate all equipment and tapes because the papers are not in order. Backman explains there must be a misunderstanding, for all possible permits – and there are a lot – are paid for and legal. The agent explains that he belongs to another division than those Backman has dealt with so far, so he has no business with that. Besides, back in Manila rumour has it that pornography is being produced.



"... a motley crew of Swedish babyfaces, American white trash and tarty Hungarians ..."

After long negotiations, it is decided that Backman has to fly back to Manila the next day, accompanied by the special agent, to work things out. Cramer in the meantime gets permission to continue the shoot – but another special agent will remain on the set to monitor all activities from now on. Further sex scenes will be impossible.

Back in the hotel, the agents screen all the tapes produced that day. Luckily, no sex was shot. All tapes and films containing pornography have already been smuggled out of the country by talents returning home.

Morale reaches an all time low. Most of the Americans didn't even know that pornography was forbidden in the Philippines. The Hungarian girls almost freak out at the thought they could be arrested.

Strictly speaking, it's a small miracle that problems arose so late in the three weeks of Private's adventure. Because of the total indiscretion on the set from day one, a premature end to the shoot always seemed inevitable. It remains incomprehensible why the films were not shot on a deserted island – the Philippines has about 5000 of them.

Now the problems start piling up. The Filipino "local manager" who was to take care of army helicopters suddenly disappears with the money. The helicopters have to be written out of the script. The ranks become thinner by the day, as anyone who's no longer needed is put on the plane home.

The Hungarians are raring to leave, but Cramer wants them to remain, just in case. This unleashes a fierce rebellion by the porn babes. The next day all of them report sick. A kaleidoscope of vomit in their bathroom seems to confirm the clinical picture.

The albino Vietcong are written out, too ...

Meanwhile, in Manila, Backman is told everybody has to buy a new work permit. The last ones, hardly three weeks old, are no longer valid. And from now on all tapes will have to be sent to Manila for approval, while several agents will remain on the set to screen all activities. Backman decides to cut his losses: two days after his return, everybody is on their way home.

The remaining scenes will now be shot in Stockholm, probably in a studio with lots of sand and plastic palm trees – an extra expenditure which will take the total cost $100,000 over budget. But there are advantages: it seems highly unlikely that the mayor of Stockholm and his family will pay an unexpected visit to the set ...

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FIRST NIGHT, BLIND DATE, ALL THAT

You've both been around the block a time or two. How long, you wonder, will it take to get to the point.

fiction by
Joseph Monninger

Her last lover called himself Sir Fuckalot. She tells you this as you stand at the stove, stirring spaghetti sauce, impressing her with your sensitive side. You stop and smile down at the sauce because you're older, wiser, have been around and you aren't easily intimidated.

"Was his name apt?" you ask.

"He was crazy," she says as she twists a little on the white stool, her fine, angled arse perching perfectly. She crosses her legs and you see, at the ankle, a glimmer. A bracelet, an anklet, whatever the hell it is, but it charms you. She has blonde hair, a silk blouse, black pants. She has dressed for you, you understand, though you can't help feeling you are both wearing stage costumes. You in a flannel shirt, jeans, a Dodge Dakota pick-up in the yard. You playing wounded, gut-shot, divorced man, no

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN PHILIP DELHOMME

FIRST NIGHT

son, no daughter, little serious income, but an excellent fireplace, decent brandy and a love of poetry. *Outdoor* magazine. A kayak tucked in the rafters of the garage, the splash skirt still damp.

First night, blind date, all that. You want to be her Sir Fuckalot. You want to fuck every man out of her memory, every damn one except maybe Daddy. Daddy can stay, but the rest have to go, and you intend, like stone, to whet her against your body until she remembers only you.

Pottery Barn napkins, Pottery Barn pasta bowls. You serve the dinner, and a third glass of Chardonnay, beside the fire on a small table you bought at a yard sale. The table has a blue design across the top and down the legs. "Varicose veins," said Pete, a kayak friend, your only real local friend, when you loaded the table into the Dodge Dakota. Women like the table, though.

You folded the napkins yourself, pressed them too, though you took care not to make the table fussed over. Asters in a jelly glass, the petals just weary enough to flake and dust the table. The chairs on either side are mismatched.

Holding the edge of her chair to seat her, polite but not overbearing, you remember the chairs your ex-wife carried away in the settlement. Large, elegant chairs with manly arms and lions' paws. Chairs that sprang forward at the table. These chairs, here beside the fire, are more rickety than your ex-wife's chairs. They rock slightly as your guest sits. "Oh, everything looks lovely," she says. She repeats the compliment, and you joke that she hasn't tasted anything yet. Hold your horses, you say, which is a phrase outdated by about 175 years. You realise, standing beside her chair, that you have had too much wine. You had two beers before she arrived, deliberately anaesthetising your nerves. You place your hand on the chair back again to steady yourself. Then you duck around her chair and throw two birch hunks into the fire. You know these particular hunks of wood because you cut them yourself, borrowing Pete's chainsaw to clear the land around the back of the property.

The birches came down so quickly, you cut them with something like regret. The timber at the base of the trees had oxidised and turned to rust. The saw going through them seemed to churn through time.

Standing from the fire, you look sideways down her blouse and see her left breast. Her bra is green, the colour of dragonflies.

"So, are you from this area?" you ask.

"No, actually I was raised in New Joisey," she says in a voice you recognise as Curly's from *The Three Stooges*.

"Joisey, eh?"

"Exit 135," she says.

"Really."

"Really. I have a theory that everyone at some point in her or his life comes from New Jersey. It's like the stations of the cross. That and New York. You have to live in each place once in your life."

"Really," you say, your tongue redundant with wine.

"Why do you keep saying 'really'? Do you think I'm making this up? By the way, the pasta is excellent. Really."

She laughs and spears more spaghetti. The fire is hot.

You scooch your chair away from the heat a little. You notice the bingle of her earring against her neck. The flash, delightful, reminds you of a spoon to attract trout.

You smile, and behind your smile you are there, locked away, gazing out. Do you like me, you want to ask. Am I what you thought I was when you thought I was worth knowing? You want to take her hand and lead her to bed to sleep, that's all, under your comforter. Sleep and sleep and sleep, the windows open and frost rolling in like the mists of

Sir Fuckalot. Holding her against your shoulder you wonder if he fucked her frequently from behind.

Dracula through the screens. You have a notion that she might say yes, she would do that, though you also wonder if more is expected.

Sir Fuckalot. You pour more wine, wondering, as you do, if you aren't making her passage home impossible. She can't drive home with too much booze on board. At the same time you think, out of no reason you can pinpoint, that you should get a cat. Mice are a problem in your house, so a cat would be an answer. But a cat, scraping its claws on your couch, ruining what few good things you have, is not a smart idea. Your thoughts are becoming blocky and you resolve to cut off your wine for at least a half hour. Watching the red heft of spaghetti travel to her mouth, you remember music. You pop up, head to the small office at the rear of the house and say, "God, I haven't played any music for you."

"I was afraid to ask," she says. "I thought maybe you were into some sort of spiritual silence."

"No, no, nothing as profound as that, believe me," you call. "Any requests?"

"No, play what you like. I can make all sorts of judgments about you from what you select."

Van Morrison? Frank Sinatra? Or the safe bet, the Chopin mazurkas. You put on the mazurkas, listen to two measures of their dark, venomous sounds and know they don't cover the mood. "Sorry," you say. "I just had a moment of taking life seriously."

"That's okay," she calls back. "Who was it? I didn't recognise it."

"Chopin, the mazurkas."

"Moody son of a bitch, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," you say with the stilted, wooden inflection of the recent TV commercial in which an impostor steals a ride in a stretch limo by affirming that he is, indeed, Dr Krakowskowitz. Or something like that. You put on John Lee Hooker, a blues man, which is maybe too sexual and nightclub for what you have going. But you like John Lee Hooker, and besides, no one can criticise you for liking a black blues man. You turn it low and go back to the table, pick your napkin off the chair seat.

"John Lee Hooker?" she asks.

"You're good."

"I like the blues."

"But do you really like my spaghetti sauce?"

"Yes, I do," she says, using the same inflection you used a moment ago.

"You like to cook?"

"Sometimes."

"I'm the same way. I hate cooking for myself, but that's a given, I suppose. I mean, I went through this stage where I told myself, okay, Carol, you're on your own, so you're going to have to make things nice. You probably did the same thing, right? So you cook these elaborate meals, telling yourself it's okay, until you eventually find yourself cleaning all these dishes. And for what? Life in the '90s, huh?"

"Absolutely."

"What's the most ridiculous meal you ever cooked for yourself?"

She raises her hands before you can speak and says, "Wait, I'll go first. I only asked the question because I wanted to tell you that I once cooked an entire Christmas dinner for myself. I told myself that I wouldn't feel sad or absurd eating it alone. It was a low point, believe me."

"When I first got divorced I tried to make a big deal out of hanging around on Sunday mornings. Sunday papers, bagels, expensive coffees. Now I eat a bowl of cereal and get on with it."

"On with what, though? That's the question."

"On with kayaking, mostly. Or something outdoors. I spend a lot of time outdoors doing the Boy Scout thing."

"How about doing Girl Scouts?" she says.

"It's politically incorrect to do Girl Scouts, isn't it?"

She shrugs. Her earring flickers again. It reminds you of a goldfinch at your bird feeder. Goldfinches, you thought the other day, are like yellow tennis balls with wings.

After the last bite, the plates pushed forward, the phone rings and you don't answer it. You don't have to explain because she is single, too. It might be out of politeness, your desire not to compromise your time with her, or it might be your desire not to talk to another woman while this one is here. The machine picks up and is serious for three full minutes. Carol, in front of you, crosses her legs and smiles, sardonically – yes, you believe it is a sardonic smile – at the fire.

"So, tell me about kayaking," she says. She is back on the stool, a cup of coffee smoking on her knee. You are at the sink. You are also aware that you should be careful not to say too much. Men talk too much about themselves, you understand, and you generally find it more interesting to hear what women have to say anyway.

"It's good," you say. "It gets me away for the weekends. We've got a group that goes. It's like a party, loose, and of course it takes us to pretty places. I'm not very good at it."

"Do you think it's important to put your life on the line from time to time?"

"Maybe," you say. "I hadn't thought of it exactly that way, but maybe."

"That was the first thing that popped into my head when I heard you were a kayaker."

"How about you?" you ask, your fingers digging at the spaghetti curled in the drainer. "Do you think it's important to put your life on the line from time to time?"

"Well, I could say we risk our lives constantly," she says, crossing her legs on the stool. "Going on blind dates, that's putting your life on the line," she says and laughs. "But I don't do it much. Not like that. For me it's more a question of quiet desperation. You know."

"Quiet desperation? That serious?"

"That's melodramatic, I guess. I just think living as a single person, you're closer to death. You think about falling in your bathtub and hitting your head and no one finding you for a week or two. That kind of thing. So I guess I feel like I put my life on the line now and then."

"I see what you're saying," you say, though you don't, quite.

You wonder if it isn't time for a kiss.

You wonder how you're supposed to cross the kitchen floor and bend slightly to kiss her. So much is understood in the first kiss, though it has to be casual and light.

Calculating, you carry dead pasta in a plastic grocery bag, single-man bags, she has called them, and you deliberately fill the other hand with a head of lettuce. At the refrigerator you ask her to pull open the door. Then you turn, hands full, and say, "Is this a good time to have a first kiss?"

"Maybe," she says and goes up on her toes.

You kiss. Hand-less, just lips.

You dance in the middle of the living room. Dancing is a cliché, at least it was for the first minute and a half, but now it works. Passing the fire slowly, your groins grow knowledgeable, heat colours your shins. Van Morrison, finally. When you should be thinking of her, Carol, you think instead of Ruth, your first lover after your divorce, who told you once that she deliberately sent heat to you through her stomach. That she tried to bake you, turn your flesh to glazed pottery, capturing your heart inside like a frog in a watering can.

You think all this as you smell Carol's neck, smell it again, pull her closer. She pulls back in response, slowly, hardly discernibly. You kiss her again, her temple, her ear, and she tucks in, making herself small against you. Your cock stiffens and you do nothing to move it away from her groin. Let her know how she affects you. Let her know what's happening between you.

•

"I know it sounds silly," Carol says in the near darkness, the fire dying and making movies on her skin, "but could we not go all the way?"

"Of course. Whatever you say."

She covers her face and rolls a little out from under you. Her shirt is open. So is yours. She laughs.

"Christ, did I actually say that?" she says. "Did I actually say 'go all the way'?"

"Yes, you did," you say, using the inflection again.

"I mean, it's just . . . "

She shakes her head. You kiss her, and kiss her some more, and some more, and eventually her hands drop. She pulls you back squarely on top of her and kisses you passionately. Lordy, lordy, make my backbone slip, you think, a song lyric out of somewhere in the '50s. You go along with it, ride it, give her one or two extra volts in return, but deliberately hold back. Sir Fuckalot. Holding her against your shoulder a little later, you wonder if he fucked her frequently from behind. Your cock gets hard at the thought, at the mental picture, and you squeeze her close, letting her interpret your ardour any way she likes.

It's a hug that melts into sleep. You wake at 3.17 in the morning, the fire popping loudly, consuming a last vein of birch sap. You slip off the couch, move the fire screen more snugly against the brick hearth, tiptoe into the kitchen so as not to wake her and drink a glass of water. You drink two. You think for an instant about your wife, her new lover, her life on the West Coast. You wonder if she drinks the milky coffee she loved so much in Venice. *Prego, latte macchiato,* you learned to say, both of you, slaughtering the words at every stop in Italy. And how she loved Rome. How she looked, shining, happy, her love of travel so fresh on her that you held her hand almost all afternoon. You think about her hand, and it is transformed to a lion's paw, reminding you again of your lost dining room chairs. Then you think of your own chairs, and you suspect dinner went well. Went better than well. Carol liked it, liked you, and the fact that your ex-wife is maybe climbing on some guy's horn shouldn't bother you. Stomach fluttery, you step outside and pee off the back porch, arching a strong geyser into the chilly evening. The moon is impaled on a pine in the western sky. A shiver runs up and down your spine, shaking you hard, extremely hard. Lord love a duck, you whisper, then shiver again, your stream of urine creating the sound a sprinkler makes when the water hits asphalt. Three days from now you will kayak on the upper reaches of the river. A weekend of fun, but the rivers are nothing special, and you worry sometimes that you are an absurd little boy, a man-boy of 40 paddling away weekends in a bright yellow boat. The hell with it, you think. You decide you will eat bacon for breakfast both days camping, because to hell with it all, to hell with cholesterol and fat and any goddamned other thing the health freaks want to throw at you. You shake off your penis, tiptoe back in, slide onto the couch. Carol is warm and facing away. You tuck in closer, remembering the pleasure of sleeping with a woman in winter, and to your delight Carol lifts her rump and pushes it against you. Maybe you are Sir Fuckalot, maybe she is dreaming, but you put one hand across her and hold her breast. She makes a sleepy sound and nudges her rump at you again, so you rub her vagina, her genie, and slowly slide down the underwear. It's dark and groping, that's all, but you enter from behind, first time, and she arcs back and kisses you, still sleepy. You hold her, hoping she isn't somewhere in a dream, somewhere in the arms of Sir Fuckalot. But then you're straining together, pulling, because it's winter and the sky is not far from snow.

Showgirls

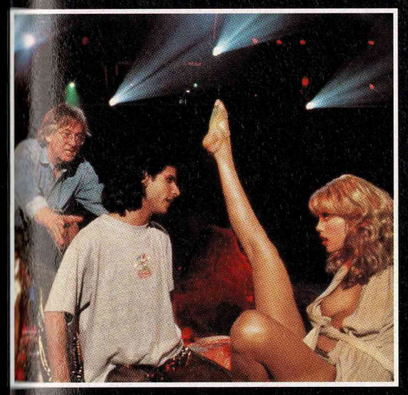
The team behind *Basic Instinct* offers a cinematic ode to strip clubs.

Paul Verhoeven wants to set the record straight. When he travelled to Las Vegas and paid a buck-naked woman to writhe in his lap, it wasn't for fun. It was work – research for his upcoming movie *Showgirls*. "It was not a strong sexual experience for me," the director insists. "I went in like a researcher, looking in an extremely clinical way."

Showgirls screenwriter Joe Eszterhas, who accompanied Verhoeven on his fact-finding mission, begs to differ. "I saw Paul's face when he came out of that room after 20 to 30 minutes," he says. "There was nothing clinical about his smile."

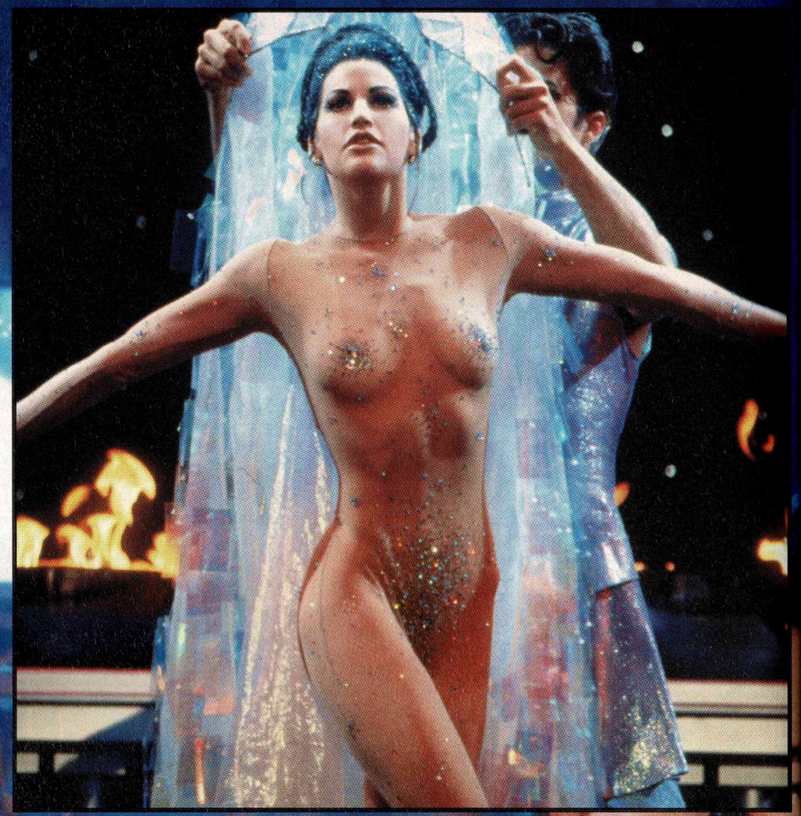
Nor is there anything clinical about *Showgirls*, a sizzling, salacious musical drama about naked ambition in the world of Las Vegas dancers. Created by Eszterhas (his first hit was *Flashdance*) and Verhoeven – the *agents provocateurs* behind *Basic Instinct* – the movie promises to deliver sex, spectacle, steam. The story is a kind of *All About Eve* with G-strings. An aspiring young stripper named Nomi Malone – played by Elizabeth Berkley in her feature-film debut – wants to star in one of the topless revues on the Strip. Standing in her way, with no intention of stepping aside, is a veteran dancer named Cristal (Gina Gershon).

According to Verhoeven, it wasn't the movie's controversial elements that attracted him. Since I was 17 or 18, I've really wanted to do a dance movie," he says. The idea of a musical set in Las Vegas appealed to his visual sense. *(text continued on page 109)*

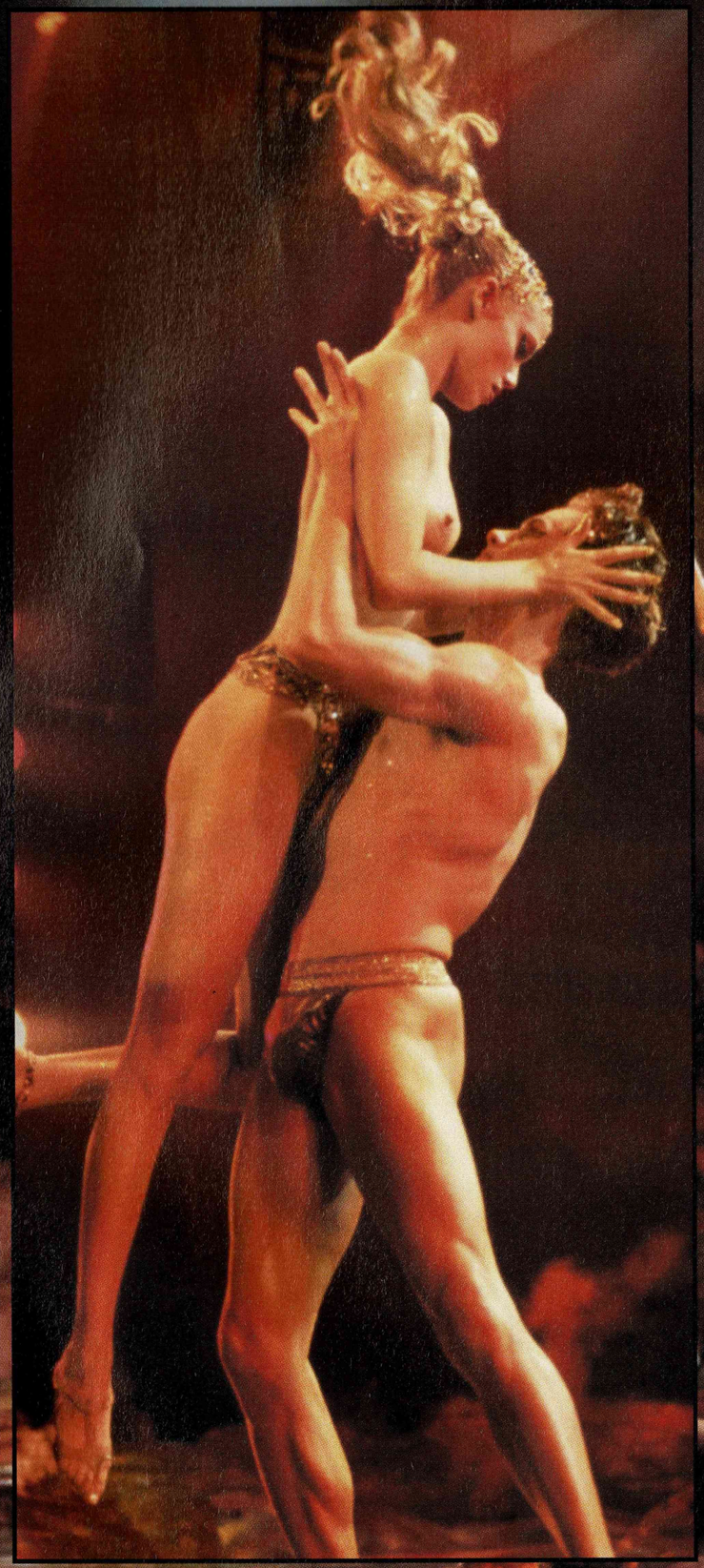


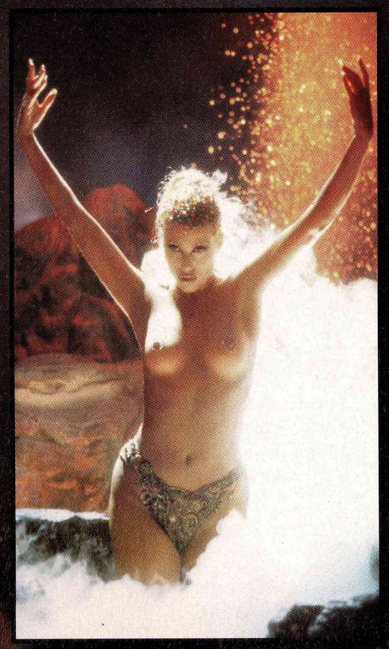
After seeing a steamy *Showgirls* trailer at Cannes Film Festival, the French press went berserk for Berkley, calling her "*la nouvelle* Sharon Stone". A front page headline screamed: UNE ÉTOILE EST NÉE.

Director Verhoeven says *Showgirls* star Berkley has a basic instinct for revealing herself. (At left, he directs her in a lap-dancing scene.) "She has no inhibitions about her body or nudity," he explains. "It's unusual to find a girl who isn't afraid of her sexuality."



As Cristal, glamorous star of a Las Vegas stage show called *Goddess*, Gina Gershon makes her entrance in an eruption of smoke and flames. Gershon figures the role is bound to boost her career. "If you can't get noticed wildly dancing naked while coming out of a volcano," she told a reporter, "you might as well give it up."





Berkley says it was "definitely a turn-on" to dance starkers in front of 200 extras: "I wouldn't necessarily do it in real life, but it was fun to do it in an environment where I knew I was safe." And what about the grips, gaffers and assorted teamsters who were paid to watch? After a while they got a little jaded. "I'd look up and the crew would be doing crossword puzzles between takes," Berkley reports. "Then another girl would come in, and it would be like, 'Oh, new breasts!'" This is not to say they didn't appreciate her efforts. "Sometimes when I would finish my strip numbers, they would tuck money into my G-string," she laughs. "Put it this way: work wasn't boring for them, I'm sure."

20 QUESTIONS

NICK BOLKUS

The minister for ethnic affairs reflects on the pleasure and pain of a job that makes some of his colleagues in federal cabinet call him the "minister for masochism".

Paul Keating called his 1990 election triumph the sweetest victory of all. If he wins the election he's expected to call early next year, it will be the most improbable victory of all.

To make it happen, Labor must milk every ounce of residual goodwill in the community – and one source of that goodwill is Australia's ethnic communities. The man charged with marshalling the ethnic vote for Labor is immigration and ethnic affairs minister Nick Bolkus.

Immigration is the hottest political potato in Australian politics after the economy. The 1980s saw two hugely divisive debates on the level and make-up of our immigration intake and successive ministers for immigration and ethnic affairs found the hot seat just too hot. They vacated the portfolio as quickly as they could, happy to escape both the pressure of the immigration debate, and the ethnic functions with their finger food and exotic dancing.

Nick Bolkus is different. The senator from South Australia relishes the constant round of ethnic functions he's expected to attend. He loves the glad-handing. He likes the food, and he welcomes contact with those who make Australia a multicultural showpiece.

Bolkus himself is the son of Greek immigrants and, unlike his predecessors in the job, he loves his work. If Keating wins the next election, Bolkus wants to stay with the immigration portfolio. When his colleagues and political commentators hear this, Bolkus may come to be known as the minister for masochism.

Playboy sent Canberra-based contributor ***Peter Cotton*** *to interrogate Bolkus about masochism, racism, and the Australian identity.*

Says Cotton: "Bolkus is a good minister in a portfolio that can turn bad. He's engaging, charismatic even, and yet he comes across as genuinely humble. It's easy to forget that as a member of federal cabinet, he's one of the most powerful people in the country. Bolkus clearly likes talking ideas. And he's a good listener. It's no wonder the ethnics love him."

1.

PLAYBOY: As a Greek-Australian kid growing up in 1950s Australia, were you ever targeted with terms of racial abuse like wog, reffo or whatever?

BOLKUS: Yes, you got it and you got it pretty directly. I grew up in primary school wishing I had straight blond hair and a different nose, so obviously I was made to feel different very early in the piece. But it didn't bug me too much and in a sense it probably still doesn't.

2.

PLAYBOY: How did you deal with racial taunts that were inevitably directed at you on the football field?

BOLKUS: There was one glorious occasion when I was playing for a Greek Aussie rules team in Adelaide and we were four or five players short. But we won the game because they'd spurred us on so much with their racist taunts. It was rugged, but we got up. The things they called us made us feel we had to prove ourselves just that little bit more.

I didn't deck anybody. I don't think I was fast enough to get to them. But there were a few bruised people after the game, yeah. On both sides. At football games the only thing that's really excited me to the point of wanting to get physical – I never did it – were racist taunts against Aboriginals on the field or against migrants in the spectator area.

3.

PLAYBOY: Just thinking about the way Australia has changed over the past few decades, is there a sense in which as a generation dies off, so will racist attitudes? That change is just a matter of time?

BOLKUS: No, I still think there's a role for government and I think governments have to lead by example and by legislation. We have to say racial hatred is not on because the rest of the world sees. There's plenty of money to be made if we are seen to have moral policies at home. The government's doing it, but I don't think [*Liberal leader*] John Howard has properly grasped the issue of race yet and that very much makes him yesterday's man when it comes to understanding our role in the region.

4.

PLAYBOY: Howard was responsible for one of the long running debates we saw in the 1980s on immigration and the racial composition of Australian society. Despite the fact that those debates brought the nutters out of the woodwork to commit arson and scrawl racist slogans all over the place, is there a sense in which the debates also cleared the air?

BOLKUS: There is a continuous debate on all aspects of migration. There are international forums held here in Australia which examine it. There's the

NICK BOLKUS

annual immigration outlook conference. I have an annual consultation program. I launch dozens of research documents on the issue each year. We have it continually debated in the parliament and outside it. The difference between what happens now and what happened in 1984, and in 1988 with Howard, was that he as a prospective prime minister told Australians you had to discriminate in immigration on the basis of race. And he let the country down. As a result of that, if he were to become prime minister, any meetings he attended with regional leaders would be marred by the fact that they don't believe he's changed. No one believes he's changed his attitude just because there's been a couple of statements to that effect run in a newspaper.

5.

PLAYBOY: We still see synagogues being burnt down in Sydney and the desecration of Jewish graves in Adelaide, and some ethnic groups are still subjected to racist vilification in the media. What's the state of the nation in terms of the numbers of racist nutters who are out there?

BOLKUS: Internationally we're recognised by religious and secular leaders as having probably the most tolerant multicultural society in the world and that's something to be proud of. But clearly, we've still got problems with racists, both overt racists and the covert. We're tackling it by working with kids in schools to engender a respect for diversity. We also work in local government and in the arts and in sport and with the police.

6.

PLAYBOY: That's accentuating the positives. What about eliminating the negatives, the racists?

BOLKUS: You eliminate the negatives out there, the racists, by working people through the positives. And it happens naturally as well. With one in four Australians coming from a non-English speaking background, there are now a lot of Australians who live next door to a migrant. For an overwhelming proportion of them, that's a positive experience.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find you have to keep the lid on passions in various communities that might want to confront each other here, mirroring conflicts going on in their countries of origin?

BOLKUS: Look, to get it into perspective, we've had 12,000 or so refugees and humanitarian cases come in from Yugoslavia in the past three years. Another six thousand are coming in this year. There's been not one instance of ethnic tension amongst any of them. Not only is that good but it's a big improvement on what used to happen 10 or 20 years ago amongst those communities. This ethos we push with migrants is simple: you'll get a fair go here but give others a fair go.

8.

PLAYBOY: How are the essential set of values that define Australianness instilled into new migrants?

BOLKUS: The fundamental difference between Australia and the US and UK when it comes to migration is that when people come here, they have a social justice safety net. We're an inclusive society. They get a right to vote after two years' permanent residence. They feel part of the place. They've got political power. In other countries that isn't the case. Migrants to Australia have settlement support, whether that's in health or education or language assistance. That makes them fuller members of this society.

9.

PLAYBOY: Repeated surveys have shown that Australians don't support immigration for all sorts of reasons. Why does the government persist with its large immigrant intake?

BOLKUS: If you look at Australian history you'll always find that there's been some people in this society who have opposed migration. But despite this small minority, we've become a nation that's been built on migration. If people hadn't been able to live with migration, I don't think you would have had an intake of five million people over the past fifty years.

10.

PLAYBOY: The argument has been put that the government has to maintain migration because if it doesn't, its ethnic vote goes out the window.

BOLKUS: Those who oppose migration always try to trivialise the reasons for it. The reality is that Australia is a country with less than zero population growth. We have an ageing population, a small population, trying to find its way economically in the world and in the region. Unless we have a continuing infusion through migration, unless we get our population thriving and regenerating, then we'll decay. That's been the history of other nations.

11.

PLAYBOY: What about people who raise ecological arguments against the migration intake?

BOLKUS: Yeah, mate. But on every environmental issue that's come up in cabinet since I've been there, I've voted on the green side and sometimes I've found myself voting alone on that score. So I don't come to this issue without green credentials. We've got to have development which is ecologically sustainable but that doesn't mean no migration. If we'd listened to the anti-immigration lobby from the start, we'd now have a population of a few million.

12.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy with the current level of immigration?

BOLKUS: For the moment I am. I think we just have to take it year by year and see what happens. But I anticipate gradual increases. What you've got to remember is that business migration is now very important. And the networks migrants bring to Australia are very important. You're getting migrants to Australia who are immediately turning around and are trading with the rest of the world. There's hardly an Australian company trading in China that doesn't involve in that work a Chinese-Australian to open doors and cultural barriers.

13.

PLAYBOY: The word multiculturalism is a dreadful bit of bureaucratese, but surprisingly it really has gained great acceptance across the Australian community. You hear it popping up all over the place. Can you give us a brief sense of the meaning of the word?

BOLKUS: Multiculturalism means recognition and respect for ethnic diversity in our society, and inclusiveness to make sure that our society works. Everywhere I go internationally, talking to religious and political leaders, they all know that because of the concept of multiculturalism, the people they're interested in in our society get a fair go. It pays a moral dividend to Australia.

14.

PLAYBOY: Is there a sense in which being made to feel an outsider made you more ambitious to cut out a place for yourself in Australian society?

BOLKUS: I would never have become a member of a political party if it were not for Gough Whitlam and [*former South Australian Labor premier*] Don Dunstan. What impressed me about those two Labor leaders was that both were clearly committed to a non-discriminatory, multicultural Australia. It was a time when the White Australia policy had just been jettisoned as official policy and they were saying, "Hey, look, you might have different coloured skin, you might have a different background, you might speak with a funny accent and you might eat funny food. But you're part of us. An equal part of us." And that was the real spur for me to join the Labor Party.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself steeped in Greek culture, and if you do, how has that influenced the way you play politics?

BOLKUS: I actually think I've been lucky because I've grown up with both the Greek culture and Australian culture. Mum used to speak Greek at home. Dad used to sing Irish songs in the back room with his mates, late at night over a few drinks. So I've been lucky in that I've been able to feed off more than one culture, and I grew up knowing there were diverse cultures in the world. What I've also discovered through this job is my Greek roots. In 1993, I went to the island my parents came from, Castellorizo. I felt my emotions surge there. It's about a kilometre off the coast of Turkey. There are now 188 people on the island, but there are about 40,000 descendants of people from that island now living in Australia! The island reached its maximum population in the 1920s when it had about ten thousand people. Most of them came to Australia. My father came with his mother in December 1922. The British assisted my mother's family to come to Australia a little later. Australia became a focal point for "Cazzies" after some of the islanders came here last century and kept up contact with their families on the island.

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"Those who oppose migration always try to trivialise the reasons for it. The reality is that Australia is a country with less than zero population growth."

16.

PLAYBOY: Some illegal entrants are kept in detention for years and that's resulted in bad press for you and immigration authorities. What about introducing a guillotine to the appeal system so that their cases can be dealt with speedily and with finality?

BOLKUS: People applying for refugee status are assessed within five weeks of arriving here illegally. Then there's an independent refugee tribunal assessment within eight weeks of that. So people who are in detention after about three months have had two bites of the cherry and they've failed to prove their claim to be a genuine refugee. They then take us to the federal court. Unless we change the constitution we can't stop that federal court appeal. Unless we get the court to move more quickly, then people will remain in detention for long periods. We've had cases that have waited for federal court determination for 15 months and then you get a federal court judge complaining about the length of detention. There's a not so subtle irony in that. Overall, the process, so far as it's in our control, is pretty quick. Those who are refugees can come in. Those who aren't have a choice between going back or using the court system. You can't close that off unless you take away a constitutional right . . .

17.

PLAYBOY: Are you a masochist?

BOLKUS: When I first said it to Paul [*Keating*], his response was almost the same. But he agreed with me that there's probably nothing more important in this society than the shape of it, and our migration and humanitarian programs are pretty fundamental to the society we're developing. This was one of the two portfolios I wanted when I came into politics. At the moment, it's where I want to stay.

18.

PLAYBOY: What about the effect of immigration on the values of mateship and the like that Henry Lawson put up as the things we hold dear?

BOLKUS: I think we are being changed. I think the core, fundamental democratic values are not changing, but remember this was a multicultural place before white settlement. The Blacks were very diverse. The first convict ships were multicultural, though predominantly Anglo-Celtic. What has changed is that we've moved from a monocultural society with economic, trade, defence, and social contacts with only one country, Britain, to where we now have contact with the whole world.

19.

PLAYBOY: It's said that immigration ministers are responsible for winning the ethnic vote for the government – how does the ethnic vote pan out?

BOLKUS: There is an ethnic vote, but people from ethnic communities are not a single issue interest group. They're involved in all aspects of Australian life and they vote on the same issues as the rest of Australia. That means there's got to be more than one minister shoring up the ethnic vote. However the government has shown a special concern about the issues of race and social justice, inclusion and respect for diversity, issues which are particularly important to ethnic communities. The way we've dealt with those issues means we're sitting pretty with the ethnic vote at the moment. In the last New South Wales election we polled at least 65 per cent of the ethnic vote. It's going to be a very big hurdle for John Howard to get over. I think at the end of the day the ethnic vote's going to be critical to those marginal seats we have to win.

20.

PLAYBOY: How do the various ethnic communities feel about major issues confronting us, like the republic?

BOLKUS: They're a lot more independent than the general Australian community and that has helped shape the debate on the Republic. We are a much more independent society than we were 50 years ago and part of the reason for that is the changed make-up of the society. And it's not just the Italians and the Chinese that want us to become a republic. It's the Irish that are signing up in droves to become Australian citizens so that when the time comes they can vote to become a republic. If you look at it honestly you really have to believe in fairy tales to believe in kings and queens and princes and princesses [*laughs*].

Finke Quick!

With riders averaging 100km/h over 440 kilometres of punishing sand whoops and full throttle desert road, it's no wonder the annual Alice Springs to Finke desert race is a race like no other. John Pinnell was there to sample the experience.

It was three minutes to 10 when South Australian Andy Haydon finally rolled shut the throttle of his Yamaha and sat upright, kicking down gears with his left foot as he wheeled around at the end of the finish line corral, not far from Alice airport. As he did so, a light dust cloud swirled around behind him, but desert racers of his calibre don't acknowledge dust unless it's thick enough to hide a Toyota troop carrier in. He idled slowly back beside the wire fence which separates enthusiastic spectators from returned desert racers, to the six 500 class riders who were already home and the contingent of officials and local media, keen to congratulate him on again being the first 250 rider back to Alice.

The former motocross pro slithered off one side of the machine, and looked exhausted as he motioned to Race Motorcycles team-mate Darren Griffith (who had 20 minutes earlier powered home in outright second place) to help him undo the chin strap of his helmet.

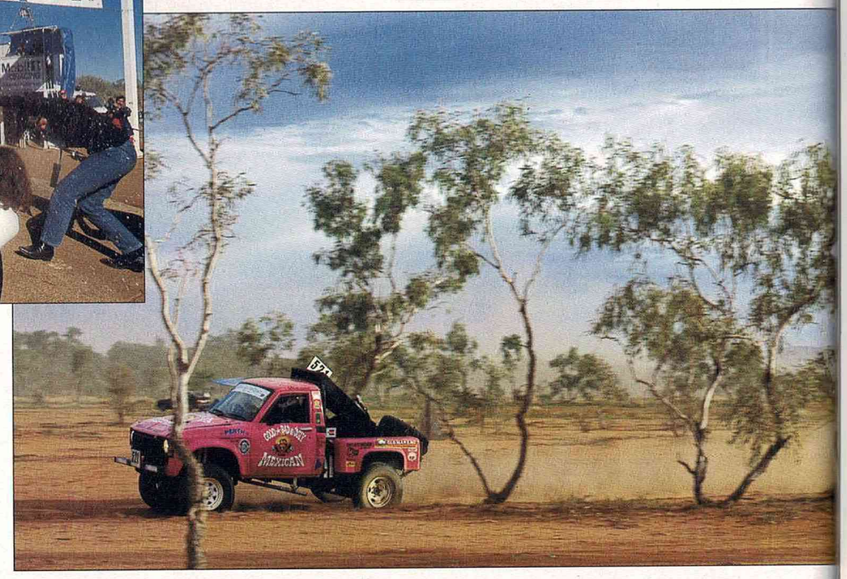
Apart from the grand final hype of the crowd, and the random commotion of spent racers' rocketing in from the desert,

Finke Quick

it was a crisp, relatively still morning in Alice Springs. Bright sunshine, cool air – quite a nice day for a ride in fact. Unless, like Haydon, you'd just ridden 100 kilometres of shaking, bone-jarring desert track with a snapped collarbone inside your cotton jersey.

"The Finke" has been an Outback institution for 20 years now, an annual long-weekend dash southwards from Alice, 216km to Finke checkpoint, just a couple of clicks from the world's oldest known river. What started as an Alice Motorcycle Club race in 1976, this year offered a grand prize of $20,000 for first outright, and attracted over 230 competitors in two and four wheeled classes.

The car and buggy class began in 1988, and has added another facet to the character of the race, but you get the impression from the locals that the Finke will always remain a bike race.



"Any other time of the year the road to Finke is 220 kays of SFA, but on Finke weekend there are light aircraft and helicopters in the sky, and campsites every couple of kilometres."

The two wheeled boys outnumber the tin tops on the start line, have a much higher finishing rate and outperform them on the track. Ever since the first combined race, the drivers – and some big-name off-road drivers at that – have been determined to catch the riders, but they've never done it.

Besides, the scoot jockeys are the ones who really risk their necks.

This year the difference between best bike and best car was 33 minutes and 33 seconds, and as the track gets rougher year by year, a 500cc two-stroke motocross bike with an oversize tank, steering damper and obscenely tall gearing remains the fastest way to get down and back.

The track follows a combination of service road (to the retired Ghan railway line), the Old South Road, graded road and four-wheel-drive track from the concrete start blocks south of town to just short of the predominantly Aboriginal township of Finke.

Without doubt, the most awesome feature of the racetrack is the high outright and average speeds. The fastest ever "lap" down and back was performed by local ace and two-time winner Mark Winter in 1989, with a time of 3 hours, 46 minutes and 38 seconds. Over the race distance of 432km give or take, that's an average speed of 115km/h, although nowadays with rougher track conditions it's nearer the 110km/h mark. In case you haven't worked it out though, folks, spear into the scrub at that speed, let alone at some of the top speeds reached, and you're in for some seriously bad karma.

Out in the sand whoops, conditions get nasty. Picture the fine corrugations on a skittery, rough road – then picture them a metre deep. They litter the track in the last hundred kilometres before Finke, break cars, bikes and bodies either. The fastest part of the course is the 30km section from Deep Well station to Rodinga, where the road is over 10m wide and fearsomely fast. The 500cc bikes are geared for over 180km/h, and the real heroes use it all. Not in the sand drifts, where wheel spin robs them of 10 or 20 kays, but on the hard pack clay, where the bike suddenly launches forward with a chirp!

Regardless of how well you can remember the track though, it takes a big set of – er, equipment to nail rocky, gravelly crests at closer to two hundred than one hundred. Listen in on one of the traditional post-race "bench racing" sessions, held at the back of every third ute and sponsored by VB (the Territory refreshment of choice), and you get a feel for the flat knacker aspect of the race. Alice hero Stephen Greenfield enlightens: "Yeah, those crests are pretty awesome. There's one top gear lip out in the fast section that, when you hit it coming this way, (north) you'd have to go 30 metres without touching the ground!"

and are the destroyers of both man and machine. Every rider deals with blisters from the incessant pounding, with popular ways being kevlar glove liners, liberal use of elastoplast and sticky skin liners. The whoops belt the stuffing out of competitors, cause nasty spills and break bikes and cars. In 1991 Dick Johnson raced the event in a huge F150 with V8 engine and tough looking long travel suspension. His pace was good as he blasted out into the wilderness, but when he was finally towed into Finke, not one of the eight rear shock absorbers on the big Ford were still attached in any useful way.

It's not just the sandy stuff which can

Over several hours the speed starts to affect people in strange ways. Finke veterans reckon their body clock speeds up and they become accustomed to the speed, react quicker and fear less. Of course, the down side to confusing warp speed for walking speed is misjudging braking distances at the fuel stops, and some admit they would be hard-pushed to do a U-turn on a two lane stretch of road, because they'd probably attempt it at 45 kay.

But when you're talking speed in the desert, there's one guy who's the undisputed owner of the Finke corridor – five time outright winner Randall Gregory. Gregory inherited the throne in 1991 when then champion Mark Winter crashed and burned just short of Finke River, leaving him an easy win. But then he built his own legend – five wins in a row (two was the previous record).

In the desert sand, Gregory is a predator, and this he proved after drawing a shitty start position for this year's race. The four-rider grids leave at one minute intervals, and this left Gregory four minutes behind his major pre-race rival, Baja desert race winner, Californian Dan Ashcraft. Despite crashing early on and destroying his rear brake lever, Gregory picked off the dozen riders ahead, to get into Finke not only first on corrected time, but first on the road. On the way back he stretched the gap to five

and a half minutes over local gun Darren Griffith, to deposit another 20K in the bank (10 for being first bike and 10 for first overall).

The irony with Gregory, a mechanic at the local Honda dealership, is that he has the profile of a demigod in Alice Springs during Finke week, but he's also the guy who put that new tyre on your trail bike last month – kinda like if you bought a headlight bulb for your step-through off Mick Doohan the day after the GP.

Maybe that's how Gregory retains his humility and boy-next-door approachability, no matter how thick and fast the superlatives are flying in the press.

The funny thing is, in enduro and motocross competition, certain other members of the Alice rat-pack can kick Randall's arse – but not at Finke, and they're still scratching their heads as to how he does it as fast as he does.

The fact that Gregory has pocketed nearly $55,000 from his Finke successes alone shows he knows when to peak!

Finke is the Red Centre's version of the Melbourne Cup, the 500cc, F1 and Indycar Grands Prix all rolled up into one – with one significant difference. Anyone can take part in the Finke, and many of them do, falling victim to a condition known simply as "the fever".

Any other time of the year the road to Finke is 220 kays of SFA, but on Finke weekend there are light aircraft and helicopters in the sky, and campsites every couple of kilometres. Families, friends and clans from clubs and business houses all find a spot beside the track to cook snags, suck tinnies and watch the fast-forward crazies.

During the four wheeled charge, one group of watchers gained a more human perspective on the race than expected. "As that last buggy went by," said a can-carrying *aficionado* between bursts of red-faced laughter, "we could hear the navigator yelling, 'TURN RIGHT, YOU FUCKING IDIOT.' And just watch where you shoot there, mate, see those tyre tracks beside your foot? A four wheel drive went straight through the corner just before, and we all had to run for cover . . ."

While the locals might be out in force, so too are the interstaters, who make up very nearly half the entries. It costs a motza to do it too, when you take into account the dramas and costs involved in getting yourself and your racer there, finding accommodation, eating on the road, testing when you get there, three jerries of fuel for the race . . .

For the dirt bike racers, who compared with car racers are traditionally younger and traditionally not owners of their own businesses, the Finke is like the competition version of going to Bali. It's not cheap, but if you've been there, you can buy the T-shirt and say you've done it. You're probably less likely to get food poisoning in the Territory, too!

Finishing isn't easy, and it's become something of an art form in Alice. Riverstone (NSW) husband and wife duo Bob and Jeanette Mowbray overcame a broken rear arm and an oil leak in their VW2600 to take the four wheeler win by just five seconds from Victorians Glen Owen and Brent Hill.

Numerous car competitors drive into Alice with a flat tyre, but for survival instinct Brisbane's Darren Sutch takes the cake. Some two and a half hours after Haydon claimed the 250 class with a broken collarbone, Sutch limped in with no rear tyre at all, having blown out 100 kilometres away, and ridden most of the way on a dented, cracked rim. Sutch's comment: "She was a bit undergeared in the fast stuff."

But for pure style it is hard to go past larrikin Sydney enduro rider Mark Avard, whose version of the perfect finish was to wheelie his CR500 up the finish line straight – standing on the seat!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN PINNELL

Will The Next *True* Australian Champion Please Stand Up?

Andy Maher questions whether top golfers like Greg Norman and Steve Elkington are really local products.

We crave heroes in Australia. We coddle them, we nurture them, we ride every putt with them. And we're not bad at cutting them loose when we feel they've failed us.

Just rewind through Greg Norman's chequered (yet mostly glorious) career. How we adored him as he strode West Lakes' fairways in 1980, all that white hair flapping so brazenly in Adelaide's warm summer breeze. We just knew that he was going to take his Queensland drawl around the globe collecting along the way swags of major championships.

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ON YOUR BIKE!

Cycling is the sport of the '90s, and CYCLING WORLD is the magazine to keep you up to date with all that's happening on two wheels.
From fat tyres to skinny tyres, CYCLING WORLD has everything you'll ever need to know about mountain biking, road and track racing, competitive and recreational riding, technical features, new products, fitness and training, travel and news.
It's all in Australia's leading cycling magazine.

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Champion

Do we remember how quickly we treated him like berley after he hit that four iron 80 feet right at the US Masters a few years later? Choker, they said. Un-Australian. Weak. Not like the Anzacs who revelled when the going got tough. We'd better cut that bloke loose.

Only problem so far has been the unwillingness of someone else to step into the breach. While bar stool experts all around the country have wiped Norman as more Yank than Aussie, we've all continued to ride his roller-coaster for the lack of another countryman to pull for.

And when he won the World Series at Firestone in Akton (Ohio) late in August by chipping in during a play-off, didn't we love it? Come on, even the committed Norman haters out there felt for the multimillionaire when that slippery little eight-iron rolled right to left into the cup.

It was even better because during the event he'd accused an American (Mark McCumber) of cheating. Hang on, those bar room boys thought, maybe we sacked the Great White Shark too quickly. Maybe the Great White Fish Finger actually still is one of us. Come back, Greg, we still love ya.

A few weeks before Norman had that great win in Ohio, some of us sat and watched Steve Elkington become only the fourth Australian behind Jim Ferrier, David Graham and Wayne Grady to win the PGA championship of the United States.

It was a monumental performance from Elkington, but little more than he deserved, having been so consistent in major championship golf for the past three years.

But despite his likable demeanour, his birthplace of Inverell (NSW) and the crosses to his parents in Sydney watching the dramatic play-off against Colin Montgomerie unfold, we respected rather than revelled in the win.

For many Australians, Elkington too is as Australian as McDonald's.

Nevertheless, while we rejoiced in historic performances from Norman and Elkington, we all but forgot about Robert Allenby playing for the minors at the tail of the field. We neglected to spare a thought for Brett Ogle who was somewhere else thinking about other things.

As we enter another Australian PGA tour season, however, our thoughts will once again be with the young men we are so desperately hoping will follow in Norman's footsteps. Australians are still waiting for their next homegrown champion.

We are waiting for Craig Parry to take his revenge on the Augusta fans who treated him disgracefully in the 1992 Masters. We are waiting for Ogle or Allenby to make the big leap internationally.

According to Jack Newton, Channel 7's expert comments man, instigator of the Jack Newton Junior Gold Foundation, one time trailblazer for Australian golf, it's only a matter of time for Allenby, a matter of application for Ogle.

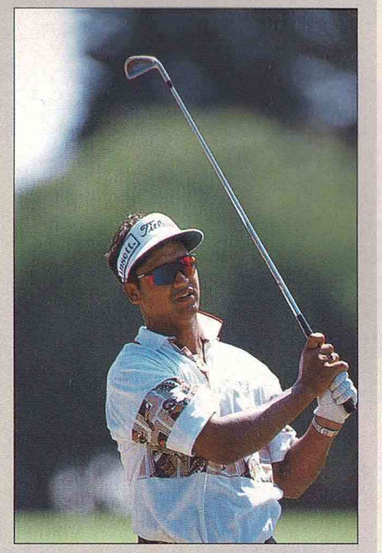
And as we enter another Australasian PGA Tour, who knows what names may surface as likely flagbearers for Australia's international prospects?

Remember 1992? Only keen followers of amateur golf had heard the name Robert Allenby. By the end of that domestic season the world was aware of the whippet from Chadstone.

He'd won two tour events – the Perak Masters and the Johnnie Walker Classic

MAJOR CHAMPS

Australians have been seduced by the possibilities which lie in front of Robert Allenby. After a meteoric rise, we have him pencilled in as the man most likely to become our next Major championship winner. Jack Newton, who has been watching Major championship golf for 30 years, reckons that Allenby definitely has what it takes, but that each country, particularly some of the emerging golf nations in Europe like Sweden and Germany, has someone just as good, if not better.



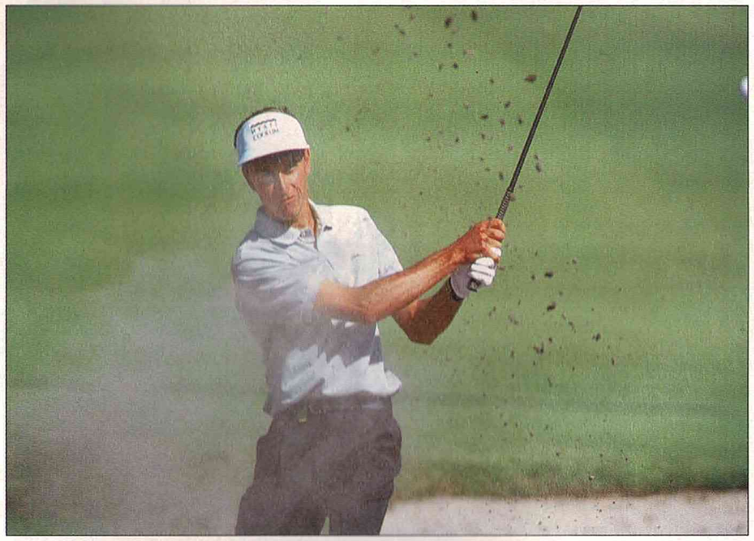
Four of the finest are Ernie Els, Michael Campbell, Phil Mickelson and Allenby. Newton ranks them from 1-4 below:

1. Ernie Els (South Africa)
His great strength is that he's such a big fella and he's got such great rhythm, he's a great putter and he's fearless. They say he's got ice in his veins.

2. Phil Mickelson (United States)
He's got the quiet brashness you'd expect a kid who's come through the US college system to have. He's had all the raps, he's left handed so he's different. I've got a bit of a question mark over him.

3. Michael Campbell (New Zealand, pictured at right)
He's got a swing in the Elkington mould. The question mark I have over him is his putting. That's the part of his game he's got to work on to get to where Ernie Els is. His ball-striking and golf swing are as good as there is.

4. Robert Allenby (Australia)
He's got a swing that I think will not be as consistent as the other three, but he can also produce the brilliance you'd relate to a Norman. When he gets on a roll he can shoot the lights out. He's very hard on himself: he's got to remember that he's very young but he gets dirty on himself. There's an anomaly there – he is the way he is because he's striving for perfection. Like Norman, he'll have a go at a shot that most other players wouldn't have a go at, but if it doesn't come off he gets the shits.



Robert Allenby has been called The Next Big Thing for a couple of years now . . .

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CAN CAN LINGERIE

Style No. 1088
Crutchless. One size. All lace Black, Red, White.
$19.95

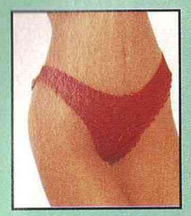
Style No. 1099
Crutchless. One size. Black, White, Peach.
$19.95

Style No. 6080
WOW! "Metallic" 1/4 cup baby doll with matching G-String. Sizes S, M, M/L. Gold, Purple.
$49.95.

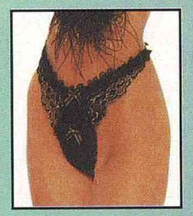
Style No. 6016
Fishnet teddy, tie front, halter neck. One size. Black, Red, White.
$27.50.

Style No. 6028
Sheer teddy trimmed with Maribou. G-String back. Sizes S, M, M/L. Black, Red, White.
$59.95.

Style No. 6085
The photo says it all elastic across the bust and it comes with an open style thong. Sizes S, M, M/L. Black, Red, White.
$49.95



Style No. 1753
Crutchless. One size. Pompom Black with Red.
$24.95



Style No. 1097
Crutchless. One size. Black with Gold trim.
$22.50

Style No. 1084
Crutchless. One size. Red, Black, Purple, White.
$19.95

Style No. 1087
Crutchless. One size. Fishnet ~ Red, Black, Purple, White.
$19.95

Style No. 6029
Lace baby doll, apron style front. Comes with matching G-String. One size. Black, Red, White.
$39.95.

Style No. 6015
Underwire teddy, G-String back. Comes with matching stockings. Sizes S, M, M/L. Black Red, White.
$59.95

Style No. 6022
Very sexy open bust baby doll. Comes with matching G-String. Sizes S, M, M/L. Black Red, White.
$54.95

Style No. 6032
Sexy sheer, open bust, thong back teddy. Sizes S, M, M/L. Black, Red, White.
$49.95

Can Can Lingerie - Order Form

Style No.	Colour	Size	Qty	Price
				$5.0
			Postage	
			Total	

Payment Details

I enclose a money order/cheque for $.....
made payable to Can Can Lingerie
Please debit my credit card for $.....

☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard
☐ Visa ☐ American Express

Card No. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐
Card holder name:.....
Contact Phone:.....
Signature:..... Expiry Date:.....
Please send my order to: Name:.....
Address:.....Postcode:.....

Send to:
Can Can Lingerie,
GPO Box 3541, Sydney. 2001
Phone: (02) 313 4255
Fax to: (02) 313 4839

We also have available 2 full colour catalogues for $8.00, which includes postage. The $8.00 is then deducted from your next order.

Champion

– but more importantly he topped the order of merit in his first season.

"He's done things that nobody's every done in this part of the world before," Newton said. "Winning the money list in his rookie year, that's just mindboggling."

It was enough for Allenby to be pencilled in as the Next Big Thing to come from this country. We'd been waiting for one to emerge, we'd seen a couple edge toward greatness only to shy away when the prospect of taking the plunge became too frightening.

Ogle, blessed with as much ability as Norman according to Newton, is one of those players who has gone close to realising his full potential, only to back away.

"I'm not sure that he's got the application that Norman's got or the ability to handle what comes with success. A couple of blokes have said that they wouldn't want Norman's life for anything, but that's part of being a superstar.

"If they were totally honest they'd enjoy the superstardom and they'd all reckon they could handle it. I reckon Brett's one of those blokes who's had his toe in the water so to speak, but he's not sure if he wants to put his whole foot in. There are some blokes who are afraid of success," Newton reckons.

One of the reasons is the comfort zone players can exist in with big money tours popping up all over the world.

When you talk big you talk the US, and there are players whose names will never be etched onto trophies, who comfortably exist somewhere between places 30 to 90 on the money list each year. They make about $US400,000 a year from their on-course earnings, they've got their endorsements for their cream.

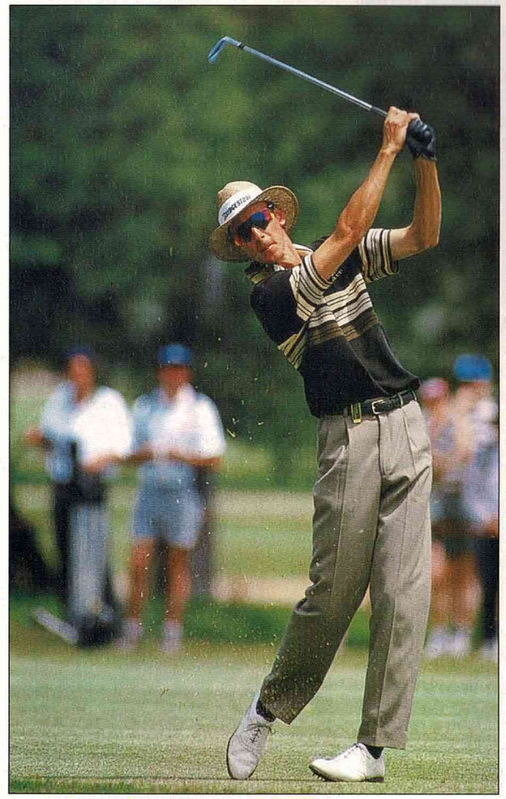
The numbers are not as substantial in Australia, but the local tour is expanding. In 1985 players competed locally for $1.4 million in 16 events. The total prize money pool last year was $5.55 million spread across 14 events. That's down from a 1992 high of $7.24 million.

While the money doesn't go that far – 1994's 100th player on the OOM was Craig Mann who made only $6291.86 from his 12 events – the top 20 players were all making over $60,000 before expenses from their on-course earnings.

"The train only comes your way once, maybe twice. One of the problems is the money involved; you can get pretty comfortable with your lot," Newton said referring to one of the reasons a player as naturally gifted as Ogle may not ever realise his ultimate potential.

Perhaps that's why Allenby strikes us as something special.

You know that he isn't driven by the dollar, his lure is golfing greatness. He tests himself with shots other players don't dare contemplate, and his self-belief has already seen him overcome enormous pressure to produce some of the most stirring golf played anywhere in the world in recent years.



Brett Ogle is blessed with as much talent as anyone, but may not be cut out to be a superstar

Who will ever forget the putts he made to steal the Johnnie Walker Classic from Wayne Grady in 1992? Or that soaring five iron he hit at Royal Melbourne's 18th to within six feet to nearly pinch the 1991 Australian Open as an amateur. As much as the money he's made and the speed with which he's made it, it is the shots which stick in our memory when we think of his short but brilliant career.

But as Newton knows, Allenby's mettle is now being tested.

"The press here for years have been very quick to build someone up, but they can be pretty severe at chopping you off at the kneecaps if they think you're getting too big for your boots.

"The average Australian likes their sport stars to be humble. If you go back and look at the likes of Bradman and Laver and the other great champions we've had, they've pretty much been humble champions. It always upsets me when I see the way the Americans, the Europeans, even the Kiwis, prop up their champions. In this country it almost seems that they can't wait to chop them down."

Players like Stuart Appleby, Chris Gray, Richard Green, Matthew King, Stephen Leaney, Andre Stolz and Gavin Stratfold will all participate on this year's tour hoping to thrust their names in front of the national media via Allenby-like performances.

They will be pitting themselves against Norman, John Daly, Elkington, Vijay Singh, Brad Faxon – some of the best talent in world golf.

And they will be doing it in front of a golf-mad audience which is craving the emergence of the next Norman. If one should surface and his career is the same wonderful mix of highs and lows as Norman's has been, let's hope we stick tighter through the lean times. ¥

1995-96 AUSTRALASIAN PGA TOUR SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

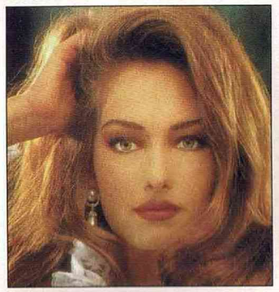
1995

November 2-5: Alfred Dunhill Masters at Emerald Golf Club, Jakarta ($US400,000)
November 9-12: Epson Singapore Open at Singapore Island Country Club, Singapore ($US400,000)
November 16-19: Victorian Open at Victoria Golf Club, Victoria ($A200,000)
November 23-26: Heineken Australian Open at Kingston Heath Golf Club, Victoria ($A850,000)
November 30-December 3: Greg Norman's Holden Classic at The Lakes Golf Club, NSW ($A700,000)
December 7-10: Air New Zealand Open at Grange Golf Club, Auckland ($NZ300,000)
December 14-17: Schweppes Coolum Classic at Hyatt Coolum Resort, Queensland ($A200,000), followed by Christmas break

1996

January 1-7: Qualifying School at Spring Valley Golf Club, Victoria
January 18-21: New Zealand Open at Wellington Golf Club ($NZ300,000)
January 25-28: Johnnie Walker Asian Classic at Tanah Merah Golf Club, Singapore ($A1,200,000 approximately)
February 1-4: Heineken Classic at The Vines, WA ($A800,000)
February 8-11: Ford Open at Kooyonga Golf Club, SA ($A300,000 minimum)
February 15-18: Australian Masters at Huntingdale Golf Club, Victoria ($A750,000)
February 22-25: Canon Challenge at Terrey Hills Golf Club, NSW ($A400,000 minimum)

A BEAUTIFUL PLAYMATE FOR EACH MONTH OF THE YEAR


KELLY GALLAGHER

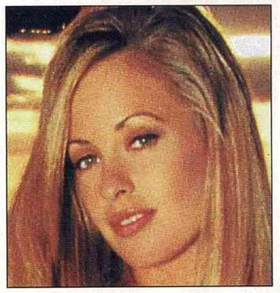
CINDY BROWN

MARIA CHECA

STACY SANCHES

LISA MARIE SCOTT

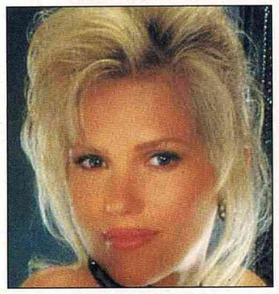
TRACI ADELL

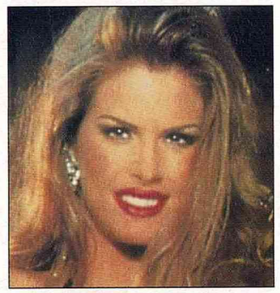

RHONDA ADAMS

DANELLE FOLTA

ELISA BRIDGES

MELISSA HOLLIDAY

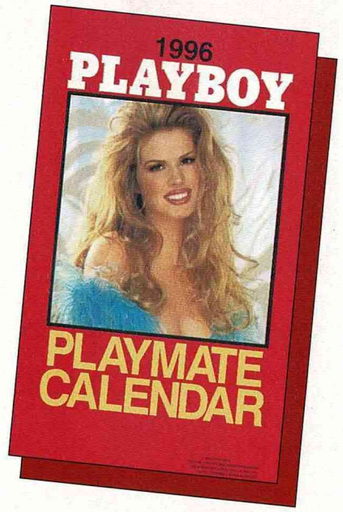

VICTORIA ZDROCK


JULIE LYNN CIALINI

PLAYBOY'S 1996 PLAYMATE CALENDAR

Give yourself (and your friends) something beautiful to look forward to month after month, throughout the year. The world's most famous calendar is at newsagencies now!

OUT NOW!



Drive Buys

Technology and new lines of credit are changing the way you can buy your new car.

According to motoring editor Rob Luck, you may never have to talk to a salesman again . . .

John Smith had nearly 30 grand in debits on his three credit cards when along came the "Fairy Godmother of Credit" (alias GM card) who agreed to combine them and take over the debt. He was still three big ones in debt, but now he was also instantly thirty grand in credit – with his GM card Bonus Point scheme.

John's brother-in-law Eddie had 35 grand in cash to spend on a new car, so John got Eddie to pay off his card debt and John bought Eddie's new car (a Ford) on his GM (Holden) card! John now had $60,000 worth of credit points which entitled him to a $3000 discount off the new Holden car that *he* (John) wanted to buy for himself.

So he went in to his friendly Holden dealer and hassled a two grand discount off a well stacked Commodore Acclaim ($30,000 drive away). When the deal was done, he put his GM card down, and the sales manager tried to fall on his desk spike, because he knew that John was due for another three grand rebate!

He needn't have worried because GM pays the rebate, not the dealer, so the sales manager didn't have to commit harakiri (which is a pity really, as it would have got rid of another car salesman – just joking). And John now had his original 30 grand of credit card debt back again, plus another 30,000 point credit on his GM card Points Bonus towards the purchase of his *next* car. Already John's wife is working out how she can spend another 30 grand on the cards so she can get another $3000 discount on that cute little Barina GSi she wants. So now John Smith is ready to fall on *his* desk spike . . .

•

This real life scenario is just one of the novel methods of buying cars that is changing the shape of car trading in Australia.

Holden introduced the GM card in Australia because it is a proven method of crunching more deals on the showroom floor. Dubbed a "win-win" purchase scheme, the GM card gives consumers the opportunity to earn points on purchases made through 12 million outlets worldwide – then drives the business back through the dealership doors. The points rebate is higher too – 5 per cent (compared with most card points systems which are around 3 per cent). And if you amalgamate your cards, you can get the points on your previous expenditure immediately.

There's no restriction on what you buy – you can earn points for anything from an airline ticket to buying a car from a rival company. But turning your buying power into horsepower means the *next* car you buy will be a Holden.

In the US, where 13 million Americans now hold a GM card, GM says it can trace a 16 per cent sales hike purely to card buyers. GM claims the card is the fastest growing in the world today (with 15 million customers in the US, Canada, Great Britain and elsewhere) and there are now 500,000 GM cars on the road purchased on "the card". In Australia, where there are 6.6 million credit cards on issue, GM aims to sign up at least 150,000 cardholders in the first year and bump local sales by as much as 10 per cent.

The GM card is branded Visa and is managed here by Westpac. Interest rate is 16.9 per cent, there's 55 days interest free (so you could finance a deal at a lower rate and buy the car through GM card – paying the cost back without an interest penalty), and there is no card charge in the first year. The rebates or points are also transferable to any family member – even non-card holders – so the head of the household can purchase for a wife/husband or child.

(By the way, if you buy on a GM card, don't show the

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JAGUAR LANCIA

Drive Buys

card to the dealer until *after* you have done the deal. Otherwise he may build your discount into the price.)

If the GM card is so good, you may well ask why all the other manufacturers aren't doing it. There are heaps of reasons, including the need to have sufficient market coverage to make it worth while for the card partners (ie Visa and Westpac in this case). But perhaps the main reason is that other manufacturers are into different sales schemes. Like Ford . . .

Ford wants you to go about buying your next car an entirely different way and they (naturally) want you to buy it from them. So they've rolled out something called "Red Carpet Options" which is essentially a guaranteed buy-back price on your car purchase. The scheme is built around shorter changeover periods (two years instead of five or six), which means the consumer gets to own a new car every couple of years and always drives under full factory warranty. It also means Ford gets to sell at least twice as many cars!

Ford utilised its finance arm, Ford Credit, to structure the Guaranteed Minimum Resale Value (GMRV) at around 60 per cent of the purchase value across the board for the Ford range. This is the *guaranteed minimum* price you will get on the market after two years – if you can get more on the open market, or talk up the trade-in, then the windfall is yours.

At the end of the two year cycle, there are three options . . .

* Trade up
* Buy out the residual (GMRV)
* Hand the car back (no further cost).

As they say in the classics, conditions apply. However, they are reasonable – the vehicle (obviously) has to be maintained in good condition, and the maximum mileage is 40,000 klicks (the national average). This is extendible to 50,000 or 60,000 at minimal extra cost (a few dollars on the monthly repayments) or even further at the rate of $800 for every additional 10,000km covered.

There are other benefits. You can buy on minimum deposit (10 per cent) and annual ownership costs are lower. On a $15,000 car, your total per year ownership costs are about $3500. There are no maintenance costs, because the car is kept within warranty.

You get full 24 hour roadside assistance in the plan. Tax and accounting benefits are similar to commercial hire purchase – you claim depreciation, not monthly payments (as with leasing).

There can be downsides for high mileage customers and the consumer has less equity but the concept is so well established in markets like the UK that it accounts for up to 35 per cent of total sales.

Other major players in the local market have been slow to pick up on these new marketing techniques. Toyota, on a steep downhill slide from its number one slot, has been caught flat-footed with no imaginative marketing plan on the horizon, and the major Japanese importers (Nissan, Mazda, Honda) are way out left field.

This could prove an expensive oversight as the world moves to utilise new technologies in vehicle sales and marketing, because there is little doubt that the major manufacturers have a hidden agenda.

Consider this: every sale processed through this method gives the manufacturer a *direct* contact with the customer. This opens the door to direct database marketing – a concept that could ultimately cut the car dealer out of the equation.

To date, the car dealer has been well protected by his frontline contact with the customer and his servicing and support facilities. And by specific agreements precluding wholesaling direct to the customer.

But the advent of consumerism has knocked over most of these sacred purchase cows and the advent of schemes like GM card and Red Carpet has opened a direct line from factory to customer. It's only a short step to direct marketing – initially via the credit card/credit company monthly statements, eventually direct from the factory. The next step is factory showrooms and service centres which deal directly with the customer on sales and warranty. There are precedents for these schemes – they already operate with some exotic car manufacturers – and some major car manufacturers are testing sales tools such as video and CD-ROM profiles of their model ranges, options and price lists.

Virtual reality will soon be providing "real life" test drive opportunities either from specialty outlets or (eventually) from your own lounge chair. And the Internet is already being used to market everything from advance model information to discount deals.

In the meantime, some enterprising entrepreneurs have opened novel coalface avenues of marketing new vehicles. These are the car brokers who act as a go-between in the gap between car dealer and customer.

As yet a novice industry, it is confined to organisations which have an inside knowledge of the car industry, including factory and dealer margins, special rebates and bonuses paid to dealers at certain times and under special conditions, and an inside line to the manufacturers on price rises, model changes, stock levels, run-out programs etc.

A key operator in this area is a firm called Carfinders which is headquartered in Sydney, but places purchases for customers all over Australia. Example:

Customer A wants to buy a Mercedes C Class, but is a bit short of the ask price. Her enquiries reveal a closed shop on dealer discounts, and a long delivery schedule for special colour and options.

Carfinders not only locates the exact car she requires in another state, but gets instant delivery (instead of 9 weeks) and a $1500 discount off the retail price.

Getting discounts out of a company like Mercedes is a tough call, but Carfinders has had some spectacular success with other marques. The company got an amazing $35,000 discount off a Honda NSX in Adelaide for a doctor customer in Newcastle, and has scored major discounts with so-called non-discounting marques such as BMW, Jeep, Porsche and Ferrari.

Another customer who was quoted 16 weeks' delivery on a hard-to-get Tickford sports Falcon was behind the wheel just three weeks after paying the deposit cheque. Carfinders utilises a network of industry contacts and the latest computer technology to access up-to-date information. It achieves its price through buying power. The company places more vehicles a year than most big dealerships. And it has the inside line on manufacturer/dealer discounts, rebates, holdbacks and incentives. This enables it to purchase virtually any make and model car from any point in Australia for any customer in Australia.

Every customer gets exactly the car they want, at the best price, and they never have to come face to face with the dreaded car salesman.

Getting and Giving

He's made his list; he's checked it twice . . . Well, that chubby old man with the white beard might have Christmas organised, but what about you? If you think Christmas shopping ranks about equal with a week's worth of washing up, you just need a little guidance. Check out the following pages for some great ideas for your mates and colleagues. And you just might spot an item or two that wouldn't go astray under your own tree this year . . .

Bose Wave Radio

Is sound your thing? Does the noise coming from your clock radio drive you crazy? Bose has the answer – a clock radio with sound quality normally only available from fully featured hi-fi systems. A 68cm twisting tube – the waveguide – is the secret of this system and it's combined with two 5cm diameter speakers to generate bass frequencies down to 70 hertz and above 200 hertz. All this in the size of a shoe box for only $649. For your nearest stockist phone 1 800 636 252.

Bollé Sunglasses

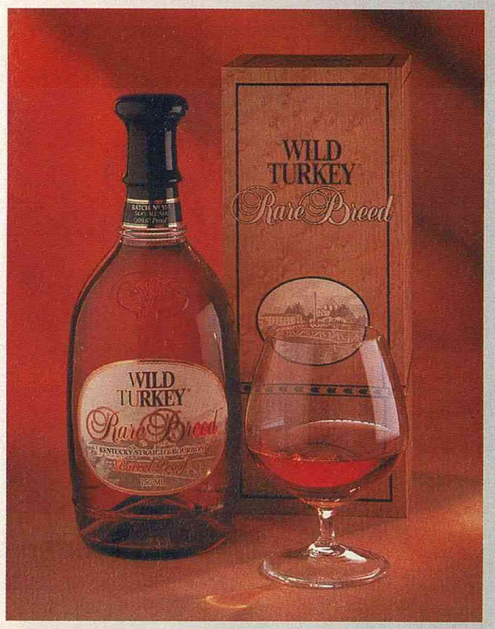
They're so cool they're hot. You can't fail to impress with Bollé shielding your eyes from the elements. Whatever the style they're lightweight, feature virtually shatterproof polycarbonate lenses – and of course provide 100 per cent protection from UVA and UVB rays in styles to suit, from the latest grunge wrap to the more traditional. Styles pictured are, from left to right, the metal-rimmed oval ($159.95 RRP), Snakes NAJA ($105.95 RRP) and Mamba ($99.95 RRP).

Wild Turkey 86.8

Get in the party spirit with Wild Turkey 86.8 bourbon. Produced in the home of the best bourbon, Kentucky's bluegrass country, and aged slowly in new charred oak barrels, Wild Turkey 86.8 is sippin' smooth. The choice of bourbon connoisseurs, Wild Turkey will add that extra little something to your Christmas festivities. And at only $34.95 it's a gift in itself.

Rexona Essentials Trio Wetpack

Get it all together with this all-you-need bag of good grooming aids for only $23.95 (RRP). The smart black wetpack holds after shave, aerosol deodorant, foaming shave gel and a Schick FX razor. The Rexona Essentials for Men fragrance is crisp and clean. Just the thing to have on hand for an impromptu weekend adventure.



Wild Turkey Rare Breed

This barrel-proof blend of six, eight and 12-year-old bourbon is a very special treat. Hand-tended by master distiller Jimmy Russell, its quality and flavour make it a much sought-after tipple. Packaged beautifully for giving or getting, make someone's Christmas extra-special for only $65.

Brut Gift Packs

Make it a classic Christmas with the signature men's fragrance Brut. Look out for top value gift packs, including a cooler bag (smell good and keep the beer cold) containing 100ml after shave, 150g deodorant spray, 100g talc and a free Schick Extra II disposable razor, all for only $22.95 (RRP). Or there are lots of boxed sets like this one with 100ml after shave and 100g talc or 75g stick deodorant for only $16.95 (RRP). From supermarkets, pharmacies and variety stores.

Shakespeare Albacore Big Game Reels

Go after the big fish with one of these Italian designed and built trolling reels. Cut from anodised corrosion-resistant anticordal aluminium alloy, they are remarkably resistant to sea weather. Choose from four models – 10kg to 37kg – all with a gear ration of 3.3:1. The drag system has been specially designed so the clutch stack won't seize in the heat of the battle. The ergonomically designed handle always swings back to the same position, making it easy to grab quickly. A great catch at $800 RRP.

Lynx Toiletries

The spirit's there but the budget's tight? Check out the range of Lynx toiletry gift sets for top quality and value at a very tiny price. For only $18.95 you can get a black canvas wash bag filled with 100ml after shave, 100g deodorant cologne spray and 200ml shower gel. And a mere $11.95 gets you a boxed set of 50ml after shave and 100g deodorant cologne in either Tempest or Mirage fragrance.

Pino Silvestre

The refreshing essence of the great outdoors in one of the longest surviving men's fragrances comes specially packed for Christmas giving. In a variety of combinations including the 75ml eau de toilette and after shave, together with deodorant stick, deodorant spray or toilet soap, the gift sets are priced well below the cost of individual items, making them great value, too. All sets over $19.95 come with a 3ml sample bottle on a key ring so you can freshen up on the move.

Quality Marine Satellite Navigator

Are you still trekking, sailing, adventuring with compass in hand? Why not leap into the satellite age with Quality Marine's new GPS 2000 Satellite Navigator. This lightweight, hand-held device will point you in the right direction at the touch of a button. Easy-to-follow on-screen instructions make operation a breeze for even the non-techno literate. Pick one up for only $595 (RRP).

Zip Disk Drive

If you're slowly being buried under a mountain of floppies and cart storage is beyond your budget, the Zip could be just what you need – a fast, inexpensive, storage drive with disks that hold 70 times a normal floppy. Forget having to upgrade your hard drive so you can run Windows 95 and Doom at the same time. Offload stored files with Zip for only $350 for the drive and $35 a disk (RRP). Available from Harvey Norman and good retailers of computer products.

Nikon Zoom 310

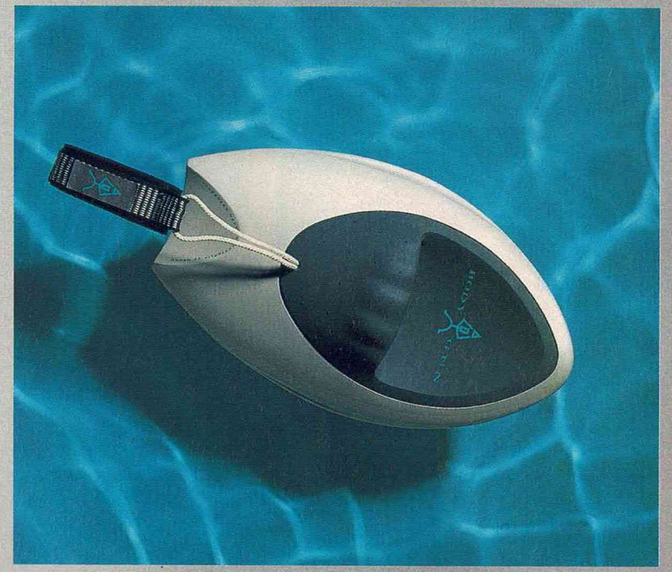
It's small, it's stylish, it's a name you know means top quality and it offers you great, wide 35mm shots to 70mm intimate portraits, all in a compact package. Nikon's Zoom 310 is all automatic while still allowing you creative control. The in-built flash with red-eye reduction means you can shoot anytime, anywhere, all for only $439 (RRP). If you want panoramic pictures plus a date and time function, choose the Zoom 310 QD for only $539 (RRP). Buy now until 31 January 1996 and you receive a five year warranty as well.

Nautica Sunglasses

That's right, Nautica, the American sportswear you know and love, now has its own distinctive range of sunnies. Expect the same tradition of top quality designed for the man who is active, involved and energetic. Nautica sunglasses come in a wide range of styles to suit your own. Prices range from $120 RRP to $245 RRP for the polarising lenses. See them at your local Nautica stockist or selected major department stores.

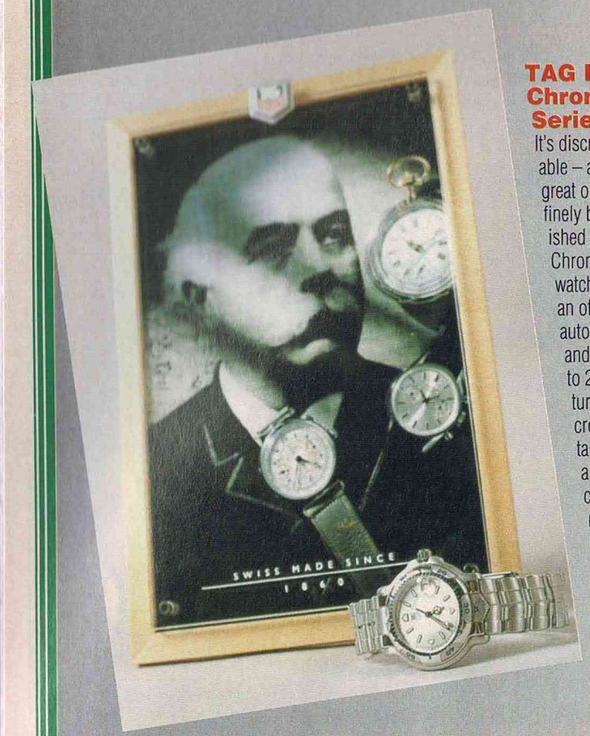
Hydro Body Gun Handsurfer

Read the waves like a pro with some high-tech help from this little beauty. The concave/flat bottom provides top holding power; the textured grip lets you hang on tight. Scoring a rave review from top surf magazine *Waves*, the Body Gun should help make you a master of the deep. Pick one up for $99 (RRP) at any good surf shop.



Philips Headphones

For top sound on the move Philips offers a range of cordless headphones. Listen to what you want where you want without disturbing anyone else. The entire battery operated range features automatic level control for constant music output level. The entry-level headphones, SBC3925, will set you back only $99.95, but sound buffs will head straight for the SBC3955 with its neodymium elements for crystal clear musical detail. This state of the art set has trackball volume controls, mute function and automatic power on/off. You get eight metres of walkaround space for only $229.95 (RRP). For your plug-in sound, if you don't want a headband, go for the SBC3346, which features the Ear-Clipse, a shell-like earpiece with a soft-touch flexible hook that can be shaped to suit – great if you wear specs ($29.95 RRP).

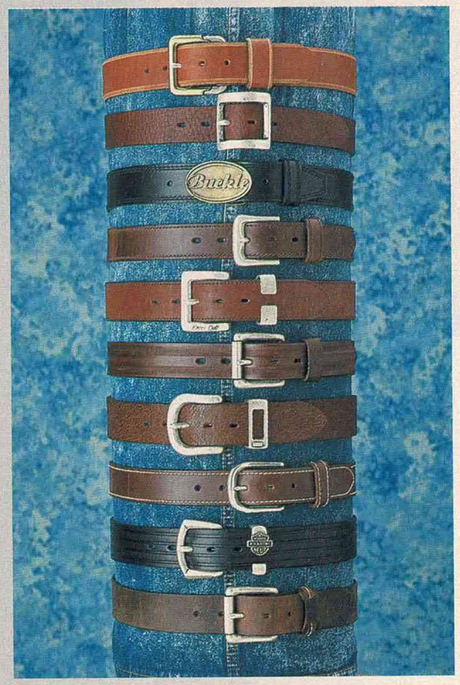


TAG Heuer 6000 Chronometer Series

It's discreet yet unmistakable – and wouldn't it look great on your wrist! The finely brushed and polished steel 6000 Chronometer series watch ($3650 RRP) has an officially certified automatic movement and is water resistant to 200m. It also features the screw-in crown, scratch-resistant sapphire crystal, a double safety clasp, luminous markings and a unidirectional bezel. For your nearest TAG Heuer stockist, phone 1 800 809 916.

Buckle Belts

If you want a belt that does a bit more than just hold your pants up, cast a discerning eye over Buckle Belts' collection. The Buxton range is fashion inspired and crafted using leathers from Italy, New Zealand and Australia. Select from a wide variety of styles to suit every mood from casual to formal. Or looking for the right belt to go with jeans? The Maxx range reflects the latest in fashion trends. Available from all major department stores and leading men's retailers, ranging in prices up from $35 RRP.



Olympus LT-1

For the man on the move who doesn't want any extraneous trappings, the Olympus LT-1 combines a top quality, compact, autofocus camera with an in-built case. No missed shots as you struggle to get your camera ready for action. This plus all the features you want like auto macro for super close-ups, focus lock, fill flash selection and anti-red eye. Grab one quick for only $395.

Bill Bass Sunglasses

If you're after stylish sunnies at an affordable price, Bill Bass sunglasses are worth a close squiz. The range includes handcrafted acetate and metal frames teamed with ground and polished glass lenses which offer distortion-free clarity and 100 per cent protection from harmful UV rays. The good news – prices start at only $69.99.

Kenco Car Covers

You spend who knows how many thousand dollars for a top car, so why not spend a little bit more to keep it looking its best? Check out the Kenco Tyvek car cover. It's easy-to-use, UV resistant and protects your car from the elements – including that duco-lacerating horror, bird poop. There's a size to fit your wheels – from a two seater sports to serious executive luxury limos – from $99 RRP. Investigate at your favourite auto accessories shop.

Smirnoff Citrus Twist

Raise a glass to Father Christmas, make a toast to good Saint Nick – and do it in style with Smirnoff Citrus Twist, the handy blend that combines the spirit you want with the additions you love. A happening part of the party season and yours for a quick trip to the bottlo and $24.95.

Imago Sunglasses

An intelligently conceived combination of form and fashion, that's what you'll find with Imago sunglasses. Always on the cutting edge of innovation, the company, with its primary brands Imago and O Company, has proven itself environmentally conscious with its packaging as well as style-wise in its design. Above is a tiny taste of the wide range of styles on offer: clockwise from top right, OC-C21-80 ($230 RRP), OC-M12-ON ($220 RRP) and VA-A93-80 ($230 RRP). For your nearest stockist or trade enquiries ring (03) 9530 0665.

1956 Outdoor Footwear & Clothing

Whether you're tackling the great untamed or simply the back garden, get into some top outdoor gear from 1956, Wollongong's number one outdoor outfitters. To shelter you from the blistering summer sun, top your dome with Akubra's Snowy River model ($83 RRP) with its 83mm brim and nine colour choices. Team it with an R.M. Williams polo shirt in lichen, white or navy ($54.95 RRP).

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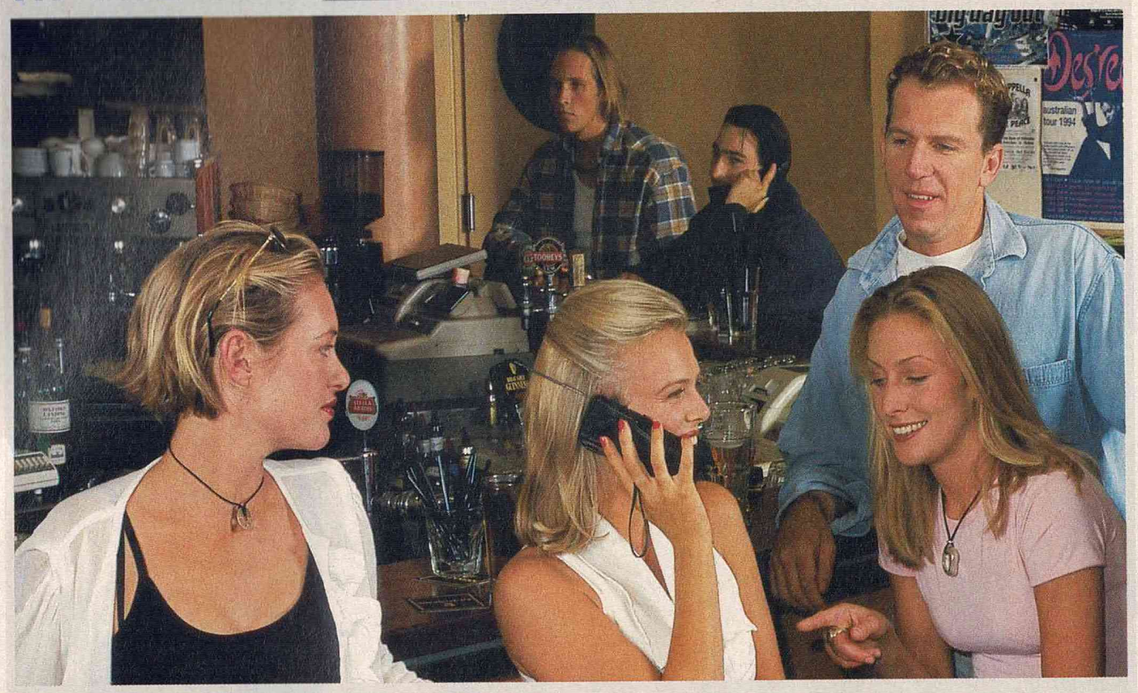

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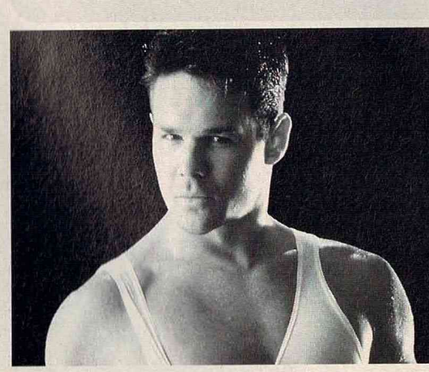

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TRICKS OF THE TRADE

Stu Wellman cleaned out a bank in Wichita on the instructions of the mafia – then he disappeared with the potatoes. Seemed he wanted to retire . . .
BANK
Al Bonzi, the Godfather, on the other hand, wanted to retire him. He told me to go on the hunt. I'm a private dick . . . but on the other side of the law they pay better.
It was pretty easy to trace him. They don't call me "the bloodhound" for nothing. First of all I looked for his ex-wife . . .
PIZZA
Women appreciate a little bit of attention. It makes them open their hearts . . .
J'll give you 25 bucks if you tell me where he phoned from . . .
J'll take the 25 and a quickie – it's been too long since I got laid !
It wasn't as if it was a promise of eternal love, so what the hell . . .
Oh yes, that's great! OH! OH! OH!
Mm
J . . .
AAAH!
Stu had apparently rung from a truck stop. Thank God all waitresses are incurable romantics – I knew just what she needed . . .
J'll . . . J'll . . . give you 25 mmm . . . if you tell mmme wheremm . . .
Ooh! . . . J . . . want 30 . . . oh just forget it!
Finally I ran him down in a cheap motel with a hooker. You had to say this about Stu, he loved and respected women . . .
MOTEL
Since I was about to be a bit mean to him, I thought I'd let him finish what he'd started . . .
AAAH!
Now you've done your stuff, tell me your life story, shithead!
He may have come, but I sure as hell didn't!

He sang like Sinatra – but the Godfather was never going to believe him . . .

I did the bank with Jimmy Rizzo – it was easy . . . we escaped in two cars, then split up to fool the cops . . .

We were supposed to meet up later. I took the teller along as hostage, but she turned out to be a real bitch . . .

She started sweet-talking me. You know what I'm like with chicks

God, pistols turn me on! What say we stop off somewhere for a little while, tiger?

I'm ready, big boy!

She was as beautiful as the sunset on a wheatfield in Oklahoma – and I was as high as an elephant's eye!

This guy was a real fool for love!

To cut a long story short I fell asleep and the bird flew the coop – with the money and the car! But this is her neighbour – she knows where she is.

And you expect the Godfather to believe all this load of crap!

Do you think if I had the money I'd be in bed with this slut?

He managed to convince me with the sheer force of his argument . . .

In the end I felt sorry for him and decided to let him go. He was useless now anyway.

Disappear, pal. If the capo finds you he'll cut you into little pieces . . .

Motel

Sure thing!

The last I heard of Stu Wellman he was selling books door to door somewhere in Portugal . . .

Time to start a new romance!

It's worth 25 bucks if you tell me where she is . . .

He offered me 35 . . . but if you can make me come 25 will do . . .

What a woman will do for love!

Whatever you say, baby. So where is she?

Keep going – and I'll tell you!

That's how I caught up with Julie, the dame who'd stolen the Godfather's investments

You're coming with me, doll . . .

She was so beautiful she gave me a feeling like drinking beer after a grand final . . .

What do you want from me?

MOTEL TRIANGLE

The moola from the bank robbery in Wichita, honeybunch that's all

Suddenly she started getting sentimental with me . . .

It's worth 25 to say you didn't find me . . .

Nothing doing, sweetheart. Not 25, not 30, nothing – I can't be bought . . .

Hi! I'm in the Triangle Motel just out of town. Tell the boss I've got the goods. Send someone over as soon as you can, do you understand?

She had a low, husky voice. Listening to her made the hair on the back of my neck stand on end . . .

Danger makes me feel horny. What about you, tiger?

I can't deny something in her eyes moved me. I'm just too softhearted . . .

Get your pants off and go down on all fours!

I felt we had something really special for each other . . .

You like that, don't you, doll?

Just shut up and get on with it!

Our understanding was sublime, perfection . . .

Do you know what a clitoris is, tiger?

Like the palm of my hand, babe . . .

We developed a relationship both profound and sincere . . .

Sorry, babe, the cash goes back to the Godfather . . .

Can't we come to an arrangement?

She made me feel like a man, and I made her feel like a woman . . .
Isn't there anything I can do to change your mind?
Looking at that great big beautiful ass of yours makes me wonder – I've never seen anything like it!
It was a true love story, brief and intense . . .
Afterwards I did what any redblooded male does after four hours of love . . .
. . . I fell asleep! And the canary flew the cage with the cash and my car too. That's the story!
I had to fly too – there was no way the Godfather was going to be so understanding. He'd probably kneecap me!
MOTEL TRIANGLE
Since then I've been on the run. There's a whole heap of people after me and a price on my head . . .
Talk about a walk on the wild side!
PEPSI
CLOSED
Have you seen a little guy, about forty, wears a stupid little hat like one of those private eyes in movies?
Shit!
Time to use some tricks of the trade!

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How to transform a reserved woman into a passion-filled volcano.

Mrs M Dumit reported, "I was having a drink at an outside restaurant when a man came up to me and asked for directions. Not good looking; not ugly; but definitely not my type. Suddenly I was aware of an odour. Next minute I started to tremble and my mouth went dry. I looked at him without understanding what he was saying. The odour penetrated me more and more. It was hot, sensual and comforting. He gently drew me to him. I walked with him to his car like a robot. His hand caressed my knee when we got in. I felt a powerful desire knot in my stomach. Fifteen minutes later we were in his apartment and I gave myself to him in delirious pleasure.

I HAD BECOME HIS SLAVE!

When I got home I remembered a magazine article reporting that chemists had succeeded in synthesising the male hormone that triggers sexual desire. Apparently it was unstoppable and few women could resist it. I didn't regret my adventure but decided to be more careful in the future."

Need More Proof?

Scientific studying London Teaching Hospital confirmed 73% of women showed marked behavioural reactions towards the male pheromone, Androstenone. *"We have indicators that dominant males, those with high sexual drives are high androstenone secretors and are thus likely to attract women...this is nature setting up the interaction."* RESEARCH DOCTOR *"The musky scent may act on woman's brains sex centre to heighten sexual arousal but at a level below the threshold of awareness."* DR ALEC COMFORT, COSMOPOLITAN

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Real Life Experiences

"A much younger beautiful, lady sitting next to me at a formal dinner party whispered that she wanted to make love to me." **WA**

"I now make love almost every night with a variety of women." **VIC**

"When they get near to me they say I don't know what it is about you, but whenever I get close to you I want to do it." **QLD**

"As a professional chauffeur, I find that my female clientele has noticeably increased." **NSW**

"The results have been well beyond my wildest imagination." **WA**

If you have never had success with women and think it's impossible, at least read this

I would be willing to bet that you blame your lack of success on two things: 1, "You are not very handsome." 2, "You are not rich." Am I right? Let me share something with you. Several months ago, a woman's magazine surveyed its readers about "SEDUCTION". Here are the results. Half of those responding said that they themselves don't know why they get "turned on". Only 10% said they were concerned about a man's physique or looks. As far as money is concerned, most don't even mention it! What they do care about is a tolerant man who is not aggressive. Most suggested there was something "Chemical" in the attraction. So next time you're going out, spray a little BodyWise on your shirt collar, put a smile on your face, and walk up to the first pretty girl you see. And you'll see ..... it's unbelievable!

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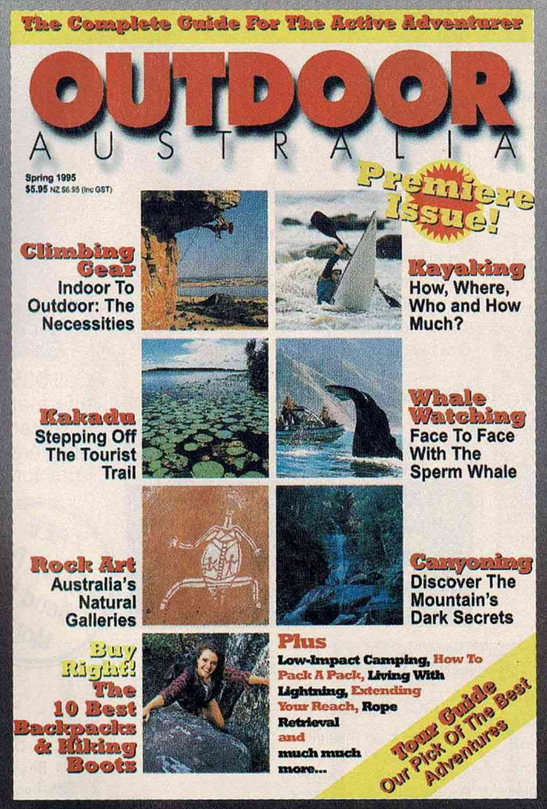
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OUT NOW

Showgirls *(from page73)*

"There is a certain extravagance in Vegas, and to use that in the colour and the costumes and the sets fascinated me."

Then again, he says, "to shoot naked women in an interesting way is also something I really like."

In pursuit of those interesting shots, Verhoeven put the naked women through a real work-out. During four months on the set in Los Angeles, Vegas and Lake Tahoe, the cast logged 15 hour days. The routines were strenuous; when production numbers were shot in the rarefied air of Lake Tahoe, oxygen tanks were on hand to revive breathless dancers.

Audiences, too, may have trouble breathing after seeing the dance sequences in *Showgirls*. Set to throbbing music by Dave Stewart (formerly of The Eurythmics), David Bowie and Prince (or whatever he's calling himself these days), each of these scenes is a blur of smoke, flames, black leather and bare bodies. Picture Dante's *Inferno* with choreography and costumes by the Marquis de Sade.

And that's why *Showgirls* is certain to attract the attention of the religious right stateside. Eszterhas was recently quoted as saying that, upon the movie's release, Reverend Donald Wildmon "will probably have a stroke. And I hope he does." Besides acres of naked flesh, there are biracial and bisexual love affairs and a swimming pool sex scene between Berkley and Kyle MacLachlan that should send chlorine sales through the roof.

And these scenes will remain intact. "We refused to sell it to any studio that would not agree to an NC-17 rating," says Verhoeven, who is bitter over the "eight or nine times" he was forced to cut *Basic Instinct*. Still, the movie grossed $352 million, a number that gives the director considerable clout at the studios. He understands that the abundant sex and nudity might be "unacceptable, shocking or disgusting" to some audience members. But he says that's their problem. "Sexuality is one of the essential elements of life," he explains. "I'm a big supporter of sex, of accepting sex and of using sex to express yourself."

Eszterhas agrees. "What they can't deny," he says about Republican presidential candidate Senator Robert Dole and his pals, "is that there's a huge market in this country for that kind of picture. If *Basic Instinct* can be the hit that it was, then I think it's the obligation of a democratic society to offer other films like it. These are adult movies, rated R or NC-17, and it simply would be wrong and censorious of society to say, 'No, we won't make these even though people want to see them.'"

Undoubtedly, there are people who want to see Elizabeth Berkley lap-dance – especially those who remember her as Jessie, the goody-two-shoes sidekick on the wholesome teen sitcom *Saved By The Bell*. "I did that show three years ago," she says, "when I was a little girl. When people see me now they say, 'Oh wait, you've changed a little bit!'"

The 21-year-old actress admits she was apprehensive the first time she disrobed for the camera. "After the first take, I remember thinking, well, it's in the can, the breasts are on film – there's no turning back now," she says. By the end, though, she was blasé about baring all. "If you play a fireman you wear a fireman's uniform," she explains. "I was playing a stripper, so I wore four inch heels and a G-string. To have portrayed my character any other way would have been a lie."

And what about the notoriety her portrayal is bound to provoke? Berkley shrugs it off. "The bottom line is, *Showgirls* will evoke a strong reaction, good or bad," she says.

Verhoeven, Eszterhas and all others concerned hope that reaction is a smile. And not a clinical smile, either.

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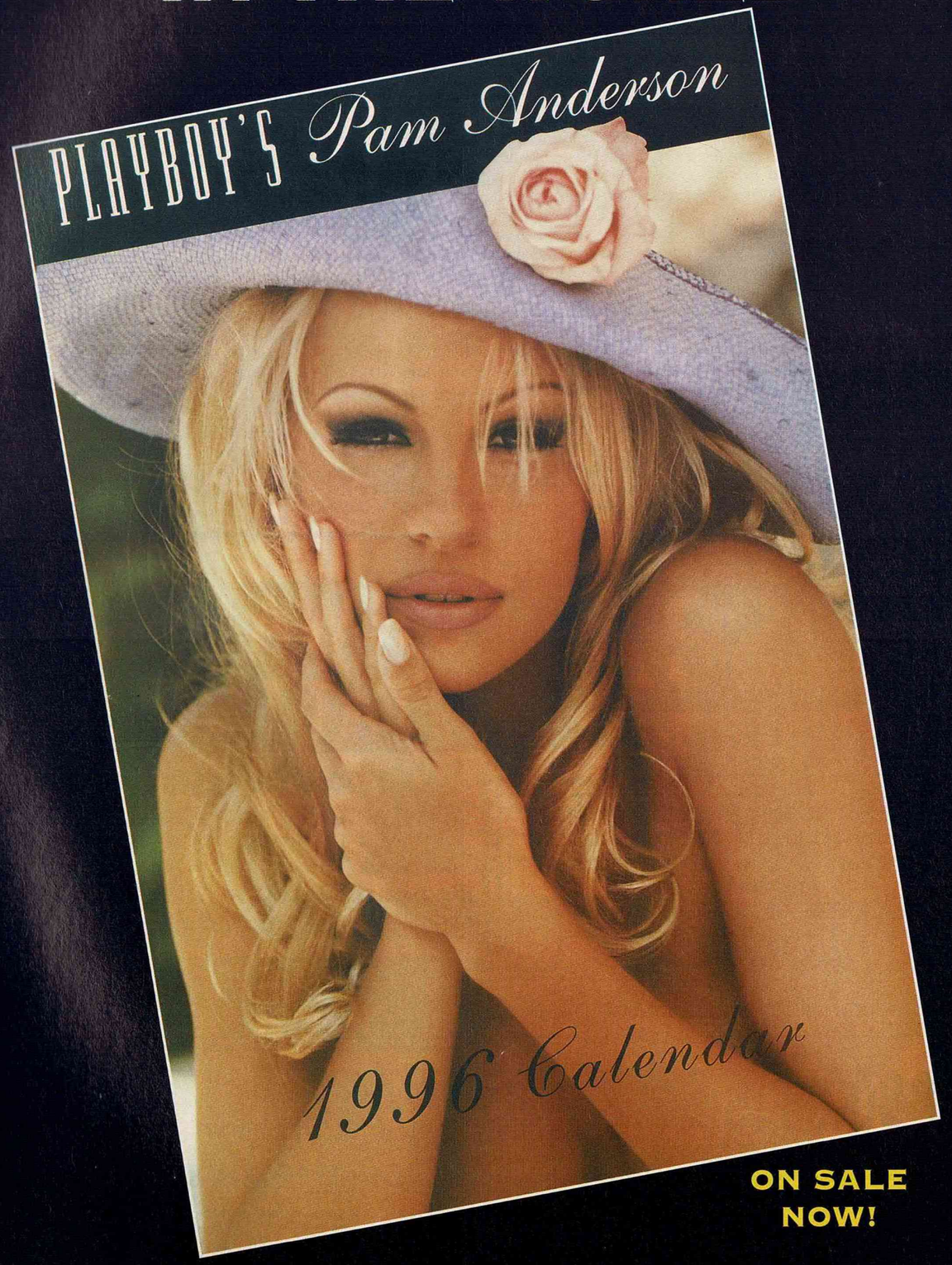

ON SALE NOW!

Terrifying *(cont. from p.45)*

and shoulder launched missiles to pulverise them, the digitised soldier was the army's vision of the 21st century commando.

March 28 was the last day Charley Company saw Sergeant McVeigh in the Gulf. While his comrades looked on, he threw his rucksack and duffel bag into a command jeep, the first step in his journey to Fort Bragg. Few of the men in Charley Company had any interest in joining McVeigh in the gruelling Green Beret try-out, but almost any excuse to return to the States was worth a shot.

•

Until now, McVeigh had had nothing but success in his military career. But he met his match in the Special Forces assessment. The try-outs are designed to squeeze a man's head, wear out his body and test his skills as a killer. Fewer than half the recruits finish the three week course. Of those, only the best are offered an opportunity to join the Green Berets. According to *The New York Times*, McVeigh withdrew from the course when officials saw the results of his psychological tests.

The army offered its own version, claiming that McVeigh voluntarily dropped out after failing a rigorous march. A Special Forces officer at Fort Riley refutes that story. "The Special Forces school has a way of dropping you without making you look stupid or incompetent," he says. "A colleague at Special Forces said McVeigh was a nut so they washed him out."

"I think it was the Special Forces rejection that snapped him," says Regier.

Terry Guild, the platoon commander, agrees. "That was the first time he failed at anything in the army. It might have been enough" to have cracked McVeigh.

"I think it was the Special Forces rejection that snapped him," says Todd Regier.

When McVeigh returned to Charley Company his pride was crushed. Few people could recognise the young warrior who had performed enthusiastically in the desert and been widely decorated after the war. He still had the skills of a top gunner, but his devotion to army rituals dissolved rapidly. There was no more talk of an army retirement sometime in the next century. Now, like the men who had mocked his own army loyalty, McVeigh bitched about the military and planned a return to civilian life. Fresh grunts who met him gave him a new nickname. Based on his criticism of just about everything, they called him "Anti McVeigh".

In the months since the Oklahoma City bombing, McVeigh's former colleagues have scoured their memories for any indications that his combat duty in Operation Desert Storm left him psychologically scarred.

"I don't think combat experience is an issue. There is nothing he did that the rest of us didn't do," says Regier. "If he had been on a police force, the same thing could have happened."

Littleton paints a grimmer picture. "I have spent the past few years trying to forget about that nightmare," he says.

Littleton questions the army's failure to follow up with the soldiers after combat. "There we were in combat in February and on the streets in May. How come the army never mailed us a postcard – say, six months after we got out – saying, 'We are getting a bunch of the guys together and we'd like to chat about what's on your mind.' That was never done."

•

After his arrest, Tim McVeigh sat calmly in the Noble County Jail in Perry (Oklahoma). Herber Ferguson, a deputy at the jail, notes that McVeigh never said anything about the explosion that shocked the nation. "He always acted like he was sleeping," the deputy writes in a letter distributed to reporters. "I told him, 'Damn, dude, you sure sleep a lot.' He laughed and said he was catching up on the sleep he lost in the army."

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NEXT MONTH

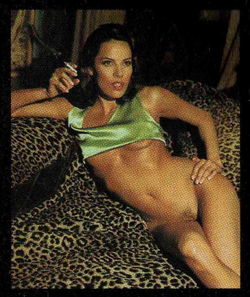
Sex In The Cinema
Our annual look at the hottest scenes from the top movies – including a focus on Nicole Kidman, the year's sexiest actress!

Mark Taylor
The captain of the Australian cricket team talks frankly about his hopes and aspirations for the year ahead.

Dustin Hoffman
A candid conversation with the obsessive Oscar winner who makes strong directors weep, about the pressures that made him wait three years between films.

The Art Of Bodysurfing
We venture out into the gnarliest waves in the world – with only a pair of flippers!

Sex, Home And Videotape
As the author discovers, the best way to participate in the sex video revolution is to do it yourself.



Tahnee Welch
Raquel Welch's daughter stakes her claim as a movie star and erotic icon in her own right in our sensational pictorial.

snoop doggy dogg *(continued from page 29)*

Elders] said that drugs should be legalised, I saw somebody else who felt what I feel. But she got fired.

PLAYBOY: Why do you believe in legalisation?

DOGG: Drugs bring in guns. They bring in all these black-on-black crimes.

PLAYBOY: If drugs were legal and you wanted to make more money, what would you have done?

DOGG: That is the question. What else is there? "Well, I'm going to go to school and get me a high school diploma and try to go to college." You have to say "try to" because even with a high school diploma and a 4.0 GPA, there's no college that's automatically going to grab you and give you a scholarship. There's certain classes you have to take, certain things you have to do, certain money you must have. Then, if you listen to the counsellors and social workers and everybody else talking at you, you would think that once you got out of high school and college, life would be beautiful.

But it's not. That's what you're up against if you don't want people to sell drugs. What else do you have to offer? America is going to have to give something back in a major way, to where the people can say, "Well, they care about us and they're trying to help us." Cutting back on welfare and shit like that shows they don't give a fuck about us.

PLAYBOY: So it's not only about money?

DOGG: Yeah. It's like having nothing, no hope, nothing. Look at the way they're letting gangs and shit go on so there is black-on-black crime and murder. What does it show? It shows they don't give a fuck. I could show you a picture of my Pop Warner football team. There were 28 homeys on that team. Twelve are dead. Seven are in the penitentiary. Three are smoked out. If they ain't dead or smoked out or in jail, they do the gang thing, sell dope. I can't look at that picture and say, "Well, hey, he went to college. He got a degree. Hey, that's little Johnnie Cochran." I can't speak from that shit, because I don't know nobody in that. I'm 24. To see 24 is an accomplishment. I've seen a lot of my homeys burned.

PLAYBOY: Did jail change you?

DOGG: It helped me go from a boy to a man, to start to realise what I wanted to do with myself. I couldn't play anymore. I had to have a plan.

PLAYBOY: Why? Because you didn't want to end up back in jail?

DOGG: There were brothers in there who weren't ever going to get out, or never had a possibility of getting out. I didn't want to be in that situation. I was given a chance to bounce back, so I took it.

PLAYBOY: What was the hardest part?

DOGG: Just living there, basically. It was harder than I expected. Being away from everybody wasn't a big problem. Survival is key. People don't understand that you can actually lose your life going to jail. There's more violence in the jailhouse than there is on the streets.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who say you glamourise the idea of being a gangster, that you have made your time in jail seem cool?

DOGG: Hell, no, that shit ain't cool. Nobody likes not having freedom.

PLAYBOY: But it's part of your image, particularly after the shooting. You've been accused of exploiting it to sell records.

DOGG: People think niggers are getting record deals and doing what a record company tells 'em to do. Motherfuckers don't do that shit. Niggers don't just try to act hard to sell records. The real ones are the real ones. What Snoop Dogg raps is the shit that I went through. Then any motherfucker can make his own choice. I hope he avoids the bullshit. If not, he'll be another statistic until America decides to help. That's the reality and that's the message.

PLAYBOY: The sister of Woldermariam says your records sold because you were tied to her brother's murder.

DOGG: Shit, wait till after the trial and I'll speak about that. See, I don't want brothers shooting. I want them talking.

PLAYBOY: Will you at least acknowledge that rap contributes to the atmosphere of violence?

DOGG: If you killed every rapper in the world right now, motherfuckers would still get killed, motherfuckers would still get raped, motherfuckers would still get robbed. The same shit is going to go on. I'm just putting it down, writing a story about it. People who don't understand that are the people who don't have it affect their lives . . . If they truly listen to the art, they understand it.

PLAYBOY: But does the message get past the headlines and the image? Don't kids just see you, your success and the guns?

DOGG: The message is always going to get through. Me being able to speak is a message in itself. The little black kids are saying, "Well, damn! Snoop Dogg comes from the same neck of the woods we come from, and he made it and he's able to say what he wants to say. I want to be like him." That's the dream right there. So don't blame me for the problems.

You can't fault me for it. You can't blame me. You want to blame me but I'm just trying to express what is going on, and trying to keep America open to it. We know niggers are killing niggers, and penitentiaries are full of niggers and Mexicans. Why don't y'all give us some money to help us stop this problem? We want to go to college instead of going to the pen. Give us a future.

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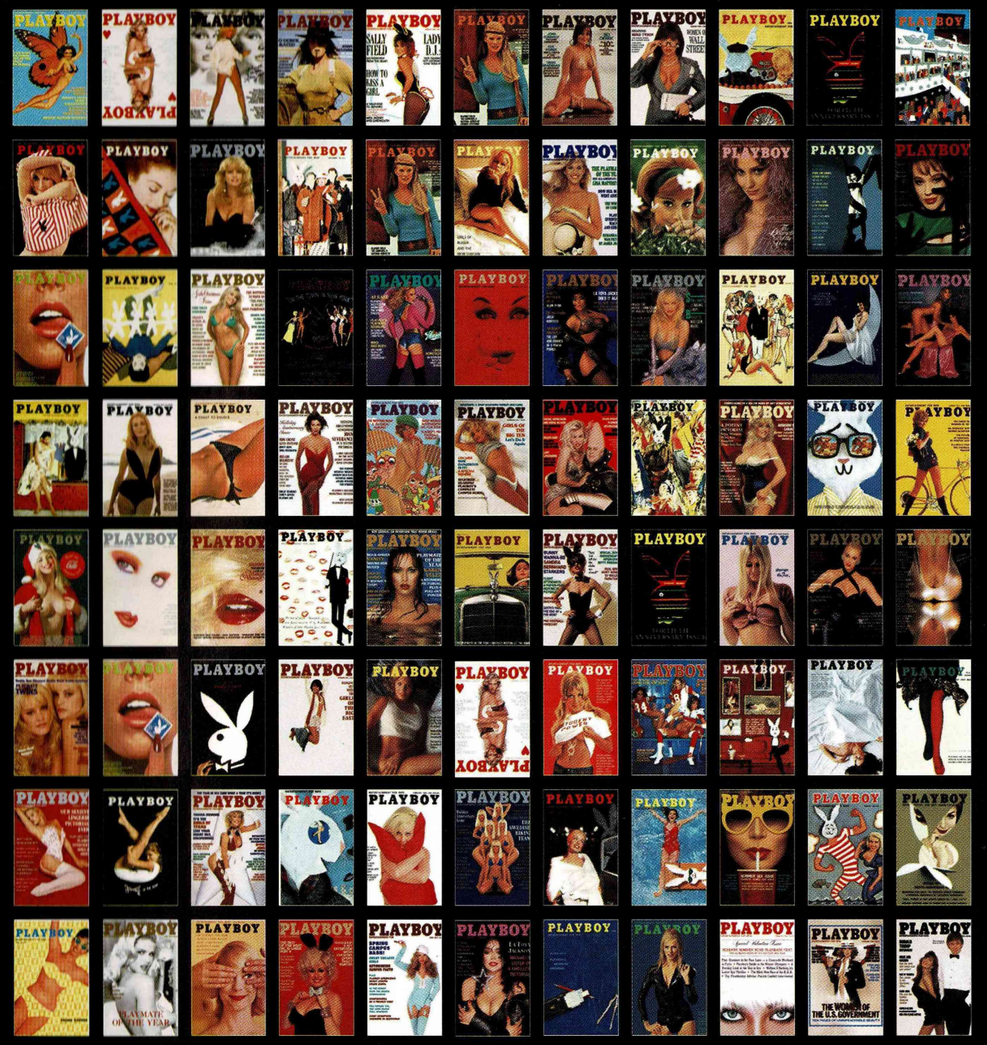

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